STAR-POINTS

STAR-POINTS

SONGS OF JOY, FAITH, AND PROMISE
FROM THE PRESENT-DAY POETS

SELECTED BY
MRS. WALDO RICHARDS

"The flaming of a torch across the years
And through the world the rising of a star"

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY GERTRUDE MOORE RICHARDS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

THIRD IMPRESSION, AUGUST 1921

TO MY DEAR FRIENDS

CORA LEE RICE

AND

SUSAN DAY CLARK

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/starpoints0000mrsw_m2d9

FOREWORD

THERE has never been a time in the history of our country when the call was more insistent for us to emphasize the inspiring note of Emerson's message:

"Hitch your wagon to a star!"

In this period of reconstruction, following the awful cataclysm which has engulfed the entire world, there is larger need than ever before of an uplifting and sustaining faith. Out of this thought has come the title of the book:

"Star-Points."

The selections chosen from the Modern Poets are such as would naturally fall under the points of my star: Joy, Vision, Love, Beauty, Aspiration — with two attributes added, for we may never lose the association of the Star with Faith and Promise. All these "Points" we must grasp and hold if we would be carried through the apprehension, friction, and confusion of the present time into the clear vision of a New Day!

GERTRUDE MOORE RICHARDS

November, 1920

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. Richards wishes to extend her sincere thanks and appreciation, not only to the poets who have been most gracious in their coöperation, but to the publishers who have kindly permitted her to reprint in this volume poems for which they hold the copyrights:

To B. H. Blackwell, Ltd., Oxford, for "Seasons," from *The Sword Poems*, by G. O. Warren.

To Messrs. Boni & Liveright for "The Cobbler in Willow Street," from the book of the same title, by George O'Neil.

To Brentano's for "The Mirror of all Ages are the Eyes," from *The Five Books of Youth*, by Robert Hillyer; "Tell all the World" and "The Hummingbird," from *Chanteys and Ballads*, by Harry Kemp; and "A Song of April," from *The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge.*

To The Century Company for "A Birthnight Candle," by John Finley, from *The Century Magazine;* "Brotherhood," from *Songs for the New Age*, by James Oppenheim; and "Twilight Content" and "The Heart's Question," from *Songs to A. H. R.*, by Cale Young Rice.

To Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company for "Afternoon," by Fannie Stearns Davis, from *The Masque of Poets*, edited by Edward J. O'Brien.

To Messrs. George H. Doran Company for "Romany Gold" and "Night Magic" from *Hearts Awake*, by Amelia Josephine Burr; "Merchantmen," from *Small Craft*, by C. Fox Smith; "The Fairies have never a Penny to Spend," from *Fairies and Chimneys*, by Rose Fyleman; "After Grieving," from *Candles that Burn*, by Aline Kilmer; "Thanksgiving," from *Poems, Essays, and Letters*, by Joyce Kilmer; "To the Little House," from *Songs for a Little House*, by Christopher Morley; "The Sacrament of Fire," from *The Fiery Cross*, by John Oxenham; "The Birds," from *The Birds, and Other Poems*, by J. C.

Squire; and "The Best Road of All" and "A Prayer for the Old Courage," from *A World of Windows*, by Charles Hanson Towne.

To Messrs. Doubleday Page & Company for "A Ballade-Catalogue of Lovely Things" and "Sacred Idleness," from *The Junkman, and Other Poems*, by Richard Le Gallienne; "The Dawn Wind," from *Rudyard Kipling's Verse* (Inclusive Edition); "The Divine Strategy," "Man-Making," and "Courage, All," from *The Gates of Paradise, and Other Poems*, and *Shoes of Happiness, and Other Poems*, by Edwin Markham.

To Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company for "Even-Song" and "The Locomotive to the Little Boy," from *Broken Music*, by Benjamin R. C. Low; "The Music of a Tree," from *The Dark Wind*, by W. J. Turner; "Autumn" and "De Glory Road," from *The Earth turns South*, by Clement Wood; "Every One Sang," from *Picture-Show*, by Siegfried Sassoon; "Out of the Desert," from *Lanterns in Gethsemane*, by Willard Wattles; "The Homing-Heart," from *Life's Minstrel*, by Daniel Henderson; and "She became what she beheld," from *Gifts*, by Margaret Cecilia Furse (also to Messrs. Constable & Company, London).

To Mr. A. C. Fifield, London, for "Nature's Friend" and "The Best Friend," from *Collected Poems*, by William H. Davies.

To the Four Seas Company for stanzas from "Variations," from *The Charnel Rose, and Other Poems*, by Conrad Aiken; "My April," from *Poems*, by B. Preston Clark, Jr.; "Japanese Hokkus," by Yone Noguchi, from book of same title; and "As when Saint Francis walked the ways of earth" and "To One who is a Voice," from *Spindrift*, by James L. McLane, Jr.

To Messrs. Harcourt, Brace and Howe, for "The Ould Apple Woman" and "W'en Spreeng ees Com'," from *Carmina* and *Madrigali*, by Thomas Augustine Daly; "The Stirrup-Cup," from *Challenge*, by Louis Untermeyer; lines from "The Roamer" and "The Old House," from *The Roamer, and Other Poems*, by George Edward Woodberry.

To Messrs. Harper & Brothers for "Three Swords," from *Poems*, by Dana Burnet; "The Birth," from *Dreams and Dust*, by Don

Marquis; "Wind-in-the-Hair and Rain-in-the-Face," from *The Mirthful Lyre*, by Arthur Guiterman; and "Love's Island," by Ian Oliver (Mrs. L. J. Salisbury), "The Superman," by Albert Bigelow Paine, "The Valley's Singing Day," by Robert Frost, and "Tell me your Dream," by Edith Thomas, from *Harper's Magazine*.

To the Harvard University Press for "The Poet" from *Life Immovable*, by Kostes Palamas (translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides).

To Messrs. Henry Holt & Company for "Joy to You" and "Hope's Song," from *The Cairn of Stars* and *My Ireland*, by Francis Carlin; "There was a Moon, there was a Star," from *Portraits and Protests*, by Sarah Cleghorn; "The Whole Duty of Berkshire Brooks," and "I have cared for you, Moon," from *Wilderness Songs*, by Grace Hazard Conkling; "The Mocking Fairy," "Miss Loo," and "Winter," from *Collected Poems*, by Walter de la Mare; "Monotone," from *Chicago Poems*, by Carl Sandburg; "Refuge" and "The Great Divide," from *Many, Many Moons*, by Lew Sarett; "Sowing," from *Poems*, by Edward Thomas; "A Man," from *These Times*, by Louis Untermeyer; and "Mother-Prayer," from *The Old Road to Paradise, and Other Poems*, by Margaret Widdemer.

To Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company for "Storm," from *The Shoes that Danced*, by Anna Hempstead Branch; "Green Crosses" and "The Lost Playmate," from *Heart of New England* and *Fresh Posies*, by Abbie Farwell Brown; "Dominion," from *Poems, 1908–1919*, by John Drinkwater; "Faith" and "The Wakeful Dark," from *Clouds and Cobblestones*, by Hortense Flexner; "The Hill-Born," from *In the High Hills*, by Maxwell Struthers Burt; "Alms," from *The Singing Leaves*, by Josephine Preston Peabody; "The Sun Worshipers," from *Songs of the Trail*, by Henry Herbert Knibbs; "After Two Years," by Richard Aldington, from *Some Imagist Poets, 1916;* "The Tryst" and "To Browning, the Music Master," from *The White Comrade*, by Robert Haven Schauffler; "Pandora's Song," from *Poems and Poetic Dramas*, by William Vaughn Moody; "Easter Song," by Stuart Merrill, and "Out of the Deep," by Charles Guérin, from *Fleurs-de-Lys* (translated and edited by Wilfred Thorley); "Windows," from *The Door of Dreams*, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse;

"Obligation," "A Sprig of Rosemary," and "Winter's Turning," from *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed* and *Pictures of the Floating World*, by Amy Lowell; and "The Flower Factory," from *The Ride Home*, by Florence Wilkinson Evans.

To Mr. B. W. Huebsch for "Bell of Dawn," by Paul Fort, from *The Poets of Modern France*, translated by Ludwig Lewisohn; and "A Tree at Dusk" and "Driftwood," from *The Hesitant Heart*, by Winifred Welles.

To Mr. Alfred A. Knopf for "The Home Land," by Witter Bynner (translated from the French of Émile Cammaerts), from *A Canticle of Pan, and Other Poems;* "A Pinch of Salt," from *Fairies and Fusiliers*, by Robert Graves; and "The Great Man" and "Completion," from *Body and Raiment*, by Eunice Tietjens.

To John Lane Company for "To One I Love" and "What if we made our senses so astute," from *Tossed Coins*, by Amory Hare; "My Lips would Sing —" from *My Ship, and Other Verses*, by Edmund Leamy; "Salutation to the Eternal Peace," from *The Bird of Time*, by Sarojini Naidu; and "Resurrection," from *The Hour has Struck, and Other Poems*, by Angela Morgan.

To Messrs. Little, Brown & Company for "The Childher," from *Heart Songs and Home Songs*, by Denis A. McCarthy.

To Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company for "Sonnet," from *Poems*, by Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice.

To Mr. David McKay for "Quantity and Quality," from *The Songs of Leinster*, by W. M. Letts.

To The Macmillan Company for "Star-Song," from *Poems*, by Gladys Cromwell; "A New Star" and "The Listener," from *Snow Birds*, by Śrî Ānanda Āchārya; "When Peter Jackson preached in the Old Church" and "In Memory of my Friend Joyce Kilmer," from *The Golden Whales of California*, by Vachel Lindsay; "On Growing Old" and "Roses are Beauty," from *Enslaved, and Other Poems* and *Good Friday, and Other Poems*, by John Masefield; "Johnny Appleseed," from *Towards the Gulf*, by Edgar Lee Masters; "The Journey," from *The New Day*, by Scudder Middleton; "On the Verandah," from *The Tree of Life*, by John Gould Fletcher; "The

Gift of God," from *The Man against the Sky*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; "The Cell," from *Escape and Fantasy*, by George Rostrevor; "Stars," "The Coin," and "Peace," from *Flame and Shadow* and *Love Songs*, by Sara Teasdale; "Semi-Choruses" and "Chorus," from *The Dynasts*, by Thomas Hardy; "A Chant Out-of-Doors" and "The Air," from *Bluestone*, by Marguerite Wilkinson; and "The Wild Swans of Coole," from *Poems*, by William Butler Yeats.

To the Manas Press for "Cradle-Song," from *Verses*, by Adelaide Crapsey.

To Mr. Elkin Mathews, London, and to Mr. Binyon personally for "A Song" and "The Things that Grow," from *The Secret: Sixty Poems*, by Laurence Binyon.

To Messrs. Maunsel & Company, Ltd., Dublin, and to Mr. Campbell personally for "The Old Woman," from *Irishry*, by Joseph Campbell (Seosamh MacCathmhaoil).

To Mr. Harold Monro, The Poetry Bookshop, London, for "The Bird at Dawn" and "Week-End," from *Strange Meetings*, by Harold Monro.

To Mr. Thomas Bird Mosher for "The Pines," "Dusk at Sea," and "The Gifts of Peace," from *The Voice in the Silence*, by Thomas S. Jones, Jr.; "Poetry," by Ella Crosby Heath, from *Amphora*, compiled by T. B. Mosher; and "Immortality," from *A Handful of Lavender*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese.

To Messrs. Norman, Remington Company, Baltimore, and to Miss Reese personally for "His Mother in her Hood of Blue," from *Spicewood*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese.

To Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for "The Road's End," from *As the Larks Rise*, by Theodosia Garrison; "Moonflowers," "Revelation," and "Who walks with Beauty," from *Ships in Harbor*, by David Morton; and "Hermit Thrush," from *The Potter's Clay*, by Marie Tudor.

To Mr. A. M. Robertson for "The Guerdon of the Sun" and "Aldebaran at Dusk," from *The House of Orchids*, by George Sterling.

To Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for "As we go on," from *Songs and Portraits*, by Maxwell Struthers Burt; "One Hour," from *The*

Call of Brotherhood, by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson; "Thanks from Earth to Heaven," from *Dust and Light*, by John Hall Wheelock; and "To such as play only the Bass Viol," by John Finley, and "In the Hospital," by Arthur Guiterman, from *Scribner's Magazine*.

To Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company for "Triumphalis," from *Echoes from Vagabondia*, by Bliss Carman; and "Heroes," from *The Heart of Peace*, by Laurence Housman.

To Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Company for "Neighbors," from *Grenstone Poems*, by Witter Bynner; "The Lonesome Wave," from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling; "Angeline," from *High Company*, by Harry Lee; "Last Song in an Opera," from *Ardours and Endurances*, by Robert Nichols; "The Little Roads," from *The New Morning*, and "The Elfin Artist," from book of same title, by Alfred Noyes; and "Life," from *Poems*, by Cecil Roberts.

To Messrs. James T. White & Company for "Sainte Jeanne of France," from *The Final Star*, by Marian Couthouy Smith.

To The Yale University Press for "The Ploughman" and "Leaf-Burning," from *Blue Smoke*, by Karle Wilson Baker; "The Falconer of God" and "Her Way," from *The Falconer of God, and Other Poems* and *Perpetual Light*, by William Rose Benét; "A Hillside Farmer" and "Alone," from *Forgotten Shrines*, by John Chipman Farrar; and "The Little Shepherd's Song," from *April Once*, by William Alexander Percy.

To the *Athenæum* (London) for "Nostalgia," by Iris Tree.

To the *Atlantic Monthly* for "A Blackbird Suddenly," by Joseph Auslander.

To the *Churchman* for "Candle-Lighting Song" and "Countersign," by Arthur Ketchum.

To *Contemporary Verse* for "Morning Song," by Karle Wilson Baker; "Idyl," by Amanda Benjamin Hall; "Friends," by Vlyn Johnson; "Moonlight in the Birch Wood," by Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson; "The Meeting," by Edward J. O'Brien; "The Naturalist on a June Sunday," by Leonora Speyer; and "Hope," by Gamaliel Bradford.

To the *Dial* for "The Singers in a Cloud," by Ridgely Torrence.

To the *Forum* for "Rank," by Ralph M. Thompson.

To *Good Housekeeping* for "The Philosopher," by Sara Teasdale.

To the *King Features Syndicate, Inc.*, for "A Song of the New World," by Angela Morgan.

To the *Ladies' Home Journal* for "Aloha," by William Griffith, and "The Mother in the House," by Hermann Hagedorn.

To *McCall's Magazine* for "A B C's in Green," by Leonora Speyer.

To the *New Witness* (London) for "Chopin Prelude," by Hon. Eleanour Norton.

To the *New York Evening Post* for "A Flemish Madonna," by Charles Wharton Stork.

To the *New York Herald* for "The Conqueror," by Morris Abel Beer.

To the *New York Sun* for "Gifts," by Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff.

To the *New York Times* for "Late Plowing" and "Hold Fast your Dreams," by Louise Driscoll.

To the *Outlook* for "The Christmas Carol of the Bees," by Nora Archibald Smith.

To *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse* (Chicago) for "America," by Harriet Monroe, and "The Little Tavern," by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

To the *San Diego Sun* for "Dawn," by Grace Atherton Dennen.

To the *Saturday Evening Post* and to Miss Davies personally for "Sea-Gull Song," by Mary Carolyn Davies.

To the *Sewanee Review* for "Promise," by Norreys Jephson O'Conor.

To the *Yale Review* for "Lyrical Epigrams," by Edith Wharton; "Thrift," by John Drinkwater; and "Onset" and "Snow-Dust," by Robert Frost.

To the *Youth's Companion* for "Click o' the Latch," by Nancy Byrd Turner.

Personal acknowledgment is also made to the following poets and individual owners of copyrights:

To Miss Katharine Lee Bates for "The Star of Bethlehem" (in manuscript).

To The Cambridge University Press and Professor William R. Sorley for "Expectans Expectavi," from *Marlborough, and Other Poems*, by Captain Charles Hamilton Sorley.

To Mrs. Florence Earle Coates for "Live thy Life" and "After."

To Fannie Stearns Davis (Mrs. A. McK. Gifford) for "I sing no more"(in manuscript).

To Mrs. Jeanne Robert Foster for "Tell me, what is Poetry — " (in manuscript) and "The Backslider," from *Neighbors of Yesterday*, published by Messrs. Sherman, French & Company.

To Mr. Rudyard Kipling for "Dawn Song" from *Rudyard Kipling's Verse*, Inclusive Edition, 1885–1918.

To Mr. Scudder Middleton for "A Woman," from *Streets and Faces*, published by The Little Book Publishing Company.

To Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay for "Travel" and "The Little Tavern."

To Miss Sarah Metcalf Phipps for "A Summer Day" (in manuscript).

To Ada M. Roberts (Mrs. Odin Roberts) for "Even the least of these" (in manuscript).

To Mr. Clinton Scollard for "Beauty" and "Aspiration."

To Mrs. May Riley Smith for "My Life is a Bowl" and "The Tree-Top Road" (in manuscript).

To Mr. Charles Wharton Stork for "Invocation."

To Mr. John Hall Wheelock for "The Modern Man," from *The Beloved Vagabond*, published by Messrs. Sherman, French & Company.

To Mrs. Frederic A. Whiting for "A Roadside Singer," by Frederic A. Whiting.

CONTENTS

A B C's in Green. *Leonora Speyer* 72
After. *Florence Earle Coates* 175
After Grieving. *Aline Kilmer* 131
After Two Years. *Richard Aldington* 44
Afternoon. *Fannie Stearns Davis* 95
Air, The. *Marguerite Wilkinson* 69
Aldebaran at Dusk. *George Sterling* 147
Alms. *Josephine Preston Peabody* 139
Aloha. *William Griffith* 36
Alone. *John Chipman Farrar* 146
America. *Harriet Monroe* 214
And to such as Play only the Bass Viol. *John Finley* 106
Angeline. *Harry Lee* 167
April, My. *B. Preston Clark, Jr.* 18
As We Go On. *Maxwell Struthers Burt* 209
"As when Saint Francis walked the ways of earth." *James L. McLane, Jr.* 119
Aspiration. *Clinton Scollard* 15
Autumn. *Clement Wood* 189

Backslider, The. *Jeanne Robert Foster* 181
Ballade-Catalogue of Lovely Things, A. *Richard Le Gallienne*. 9
Beauty. *Clinton Scollard* 27

Bell of Dawn. *Paul Fort (translated by Ludwig Lewisohn)* . . 195
Best Friend, The. *William H. Davies* 37
Best Road of All, The. *Charles Hanson Towne* 67
Bird at Dawn, The. *Harold Monro* 196
Birds, The. *J. C. Squire* 120
Birth, The. *Don Marquis* 199
Birthnight Candle, A. *John Finley* 135
Blackbird Suddenly, A. *Joseph Auslander* 21
Brotherhood. *James Oppenheim* 117
Browning, the Music Master, To. *Robert Haven Schauffler* . . 142

Candle-lighting Song. (*Dedicated to A. van B.*) *Arthur Ketchum* 141
Cell, The. *George Rostrevor* 70
Chant out of Doors, A. *Marguerite Wilkinson* 28
Childher, The. *Denis A. McCarthy* 54
Chopin Prelude. *Hon. Eleanour Norton* 152
Christmas Carol of the Bees, The. *Nora Archibald Smith* . . 198
Click o' the Latch. *Nancy Byrd Turner* 45
Cobbler in Willow Street, The. *George O'Neil* 59
Coin, The. *Sara Teasdale* 94
Coming of Dawn, The. *Grace Atherton Dennen* 221
Completion. *Eunice Tietjens* 41
Conqueror, The. *Morris Abel Beer* 102
Countersign. *Arthur Ketchum* 77
Courage, All! *Edwin Markham* 219
Cradle-Song. *Adelaide Crapsey* 200

Dawn Wind, The. *Rudyard Kipling* 4
De Glory Road. *Clement Wood* 100
Divine Strategy, The. *Edwin Markham* 214
Dominion. *John Drinkwater* 104
Driftwood. *Winifred Welles* 141
Dusk at Sea. *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.* 47

Easter Song. *Stuart Merrill (translated from the French by Wilfred Thorley)* 24
Elfin Artist, The. *Alfred Noyes* 11
"Even the least of these." *Ada M. Roberts* 205
Even-Song. *Benjamin R. C. Low* 46
Every One Sang. *Siegfried Sassoon* 211
Expectans Expectavi. *Charles Hamilton Sorley* 107

Faith. *Hortense Flexner* 191
Falconer of God, The. *William Rose Benét* 38
Flemish Madonna, A. *Charles Wharton Stork* 117
Flower Factory, The. *Florence Wilkinson Evans* 174
Friends. *Vlyn Johnson* 83
Friendship. *Edith Wharton* 140

Gift of God, The. *Edwin Arlington Robinson* 50
Gifts. *Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff* 27
Gifts of Peace, The. *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.* 108
Glory Road, De. *Clement Wood* 100

Great Divide, The. *Lew Sarett* 155
Great Man, The. *Eunice Tietjens* 96
Green Crosses. *Abbie Farwell Brown* 203
Growing Old, On. *John Masefield* 178
Guerdon of the Sun, The. *George Sterling* 5

Heart's Question, The. *Cale Young Rice* 176
Her Way. *William Rose Benét* 48
Hermit Thrush. *Marie Tudor* 34
Heroes. *Laurence Housman* 213
Hill-born, The. *Maxwell Struthers Burt* 183
Hillside Farmer, A. *John Chipman Farrar* 184
His Mother in her Hood of Blue. *Lizette Woodworth Reese* . . 201
"Hold fast your dreams." *Louise Driscoll* 60
Home-Land, The. *Witter Bynner (from the French of Émile Cammaerts)* 136
Homing Heart, The. *Daniel Henderson* 165
Hope. *Gamaliel Bradford* 173
Hope's Song. *Francis Carlin* 99
Hummingbird, The. *Harry Kemp* 93

"I have cared for you, Moon." *Grace Hazard Conkling* . . . 6
"I sing no more." *Fannie Stearns Davis* 53
Idyl. *Amanda Benjamin Hall* 154
Immortality. *Lizette Woodworth Reese* 192
In Memory of my Friend Joyce Kilmer, Poet and Soldier. *Vachel Lindsay* 128

In Salutation to the Eternal Peace. *Sarojini Naidu* 218
In the Hospital. *Arthur Guiterman* 99
Invocation. *Charles Wharton Stork* 150

Japanese Hokkus. *Yone Noguchi* 116
Johnny Appleseed. *Edgar Lee Masters* 159
Journey, The. *Scudder Middleton* 113
Joy to You. *Francis Carlin* 218

Last Song in an Opera. *Robert Nichols* 17
Late Plowing. *Louise Driscoll* 22
Leaf-Burning. *Karle Wilson Baker* 14
Life. *Cecil Roberts* 211
Lines from "The Roamer." *George Edward Woodberry* . . . 40
Listener, The. *Śrî Ānanda Āchārya* 90
Little House, To the. *Christopher Morley* 131
Little Roads, The. *Alfred Noyes* 149
Little Shepherd's Song, The. *William Alexander Percy* . . 151
Little Tavern, The. *Edna St. Vincent Millay* 63
Live thy Life. *Florence Earle Coates* 114
Locomotive to the Little Boy, The. *Benjamin R. C. Low* . . 58
Lonesome Wave, The. *Hilda Conkling* 62
Lost Playmate, The. *Abbie Farwell Brown* 145
Love's Island. *Ian Oliver* 45
Lyrical Epigrams. *Edith Wharton* 140

Man, A. *Louis Untermeyer* 126
Man-making. *Edwin Markham* 125

Meeting, The. *Edward J. O'Brien* 103
Merchantmen. *C. Fox Smith* 171
Miss Loo. *Walter de la Mare* 163
Mocking Fairy, The. *Walter de la Mare* 31
Modern Man, To the. *John Hall Wheelock* 124
Monotone. *Carl Sandburg* 23
Moonflowers. *David Morton* 33
Moonlight in the Birch Wood. *Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson* . 144
Morning Song. *Karle Wilson Baker* 42
Mother in the House, The. *Hermann Hagedorn* 98
Mother-Prayer. *Margaret Widdemer* 52
Music of a Tree, The. *W. J. Turner* 13
My April. *B. Preston Clark, Jr.* 18
"My life is a bowl." *May Riley Smith* 165
"My lips would sing —" *Edmund Leamy* 164

Naturalist on a June Sunday, The. *Leonora Speyer* 29
Nature's Friend. *William H. Davies* 32
Neighbors. *Witter Bynner* 125
New Star, A. *Śrî Ānanda Āchārya* 221
Night Magic. *Amelia Josephine Burr* 57
Nostalgia. *Iris Tree* 138

Obligation. *Amy Lowell* 166
Old House, The. *George Edward Woodberry* 178
Old Woman, The. *Joseph Campbell (Seosamh MacCathmhaoil)* . 111

On Growing Old. *John Masefield* 178
On the Verandah. *John Gould Fletcher* 79
One Hour. *Corinne Roosevelt Robinson* 81
Onset, The. *Robert Frost* 194
Ould Apple Woman, The. *Thomas Augustine Daly* 161
Out of the Deep. *Charles Guérin (translated by Wilfred Thorley)*. 112
Out of the Desert. *Willard Wattles* 210

Pandora's Song. *William Vaughn Moody* 2
Peace. *Sara Teasdale* 109
Philosopher, The. *Sara Teasdale* 180
Pinch of Salt, A. *Robert Graves* 105
Pines, The. *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.* 14
Ploughman, The. *Karle Wilson Baker* 85
Poet, The. *Kostes Palamas (translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides)* 89
Poetry. *Ella Crosby Heath* 10
Prayer for the Old Courage, A. *Charles Hanson Towne* . . 7
Promise. *Norreys Jephson O'Conor* 207
Puddle, The. *Eden Phillpotts* 189

Quantity and Quality. *W. M. Letts* 54

Rank. *Ralph M. Thompson* 167
Refuge. *Lew Sarett* 184
Resurrection. *Angela Morgan* 25

Revelation. *David Morton* 75
Road's End, The. *Theodosia Garrison* 68
Roadside Singer, A. *Frederic A. Whiting* 148
"Roamer, The," Lines from. *George Edward Woodberry* . . 40
Romany Gold. *Amelia Josephine Burr* 63
"Roses are beauty." *John Masefield* 91

Sacrament of Fire, The. *John Oxenham* 132
Sacred Idleness. *Richard Le Gallienne* 64
Sainte Jeanne of France. *Marian Couthouy Smith* 84
Sea-Gull Song. *Mary Carolyn Davies* 78
Seasons. *Gretchen O. Warren* 190
Semi-Choruses and Chorus from "The Dynasts." *Thomas Hardy* 223
"She became what she beheld." *Margaret Cecilia Furse* . . 70
Singers in a Cloud, The. *Ridgely Torrence* 212
Snow Dust. *Robert Frost* 195
Song, A. *Laurence Binyon* 170
Song of April, A. *Francis Ledwidge* 20
Song of the New World. *Angela Morgan* 220
Sonnet. *Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice* 134
Sowing. *Edward Thomas* 23
Sprig of Rosemary, A. *Amy Lowell* 47
Spring. *Edith Wharton* 140
Stanzas from "Variations." *Conrad Aiken* 110
Star of Bethlehem, The. *Katharine Lee Bates* 197
Star Song. *Gladys Cromwell* 103

Stars. *Sara Teasdale* 3
Stirrup-Cup, The. *Louis Untermeyer* 166
Storm, The. *Anna Hempstead Branch* 185
Summer Day, A. (*Dedicated to G. M. R.*) *Sarah Metcalf Phipps* 35
Sun-Worshipers, The. *Henry Herbert Knibbs* 157
Superman, The. *Albert Bigelow Paine* 114

Tell All the World. *Harry Kemp* 71
"Tell me, what is poetry —" *Jeanne Robert Foster* 89
"Tell me your dream." *Edith M. Thomas* 153
Thanks from Earth to Heaven. *John Hall Wheelock* . . . 86
Thanksgiving. *Joyce Kilmer* 86
"The Fairies have never a penny to spend." *Rose Fyleman* . 145
"The mirror of all ages are the eyes." *Robert Hillyer* . . . 94
"There was a moon, there was a star." *Sarah N. Cleghorn* . . 147
Things that Grow, The. *Laurence Binyon* 177
Three Swords. *Dana Burnet* 172
Thrift. *John Drinkwater* 76
To Browning, the Music Master. *Robert Haven Schauffler* . 142
To One I Love. *Amory Hare* 41
To One who is a Voice. *James L. McLane, Jr.* 111
To the Little House. *Christopher Morley* 131
To the Modern Man. *John Hall Wheelock* 124
Travel. *Edna St. Vincent Millay* 158
Tree at Dusk, A. *Winifred Welles* 13
Tree-Top Road, The. *May Riley Smith* 65

Triumphalis. *Bliss Carman* 16
Tryst, The. *Robert Haven Schauffler* 73
Twilight Content. *Cale Young Rice* 110

Valley's Singing Day, The. *Robert Frost* 43
"Variations," Stanzas from. *Conrad Aiken* 110

Wakeful Dark, The. *Hortense Flexner* 208
Week-End. *Harold Monro* 72
W'en Spreeng ees Com'. *T. A. Daly* 19
"What if we made our senses so astute." *Amory Hare* . . . 93
When Peter Jackson Preached in the Old Church. *Vachel Lindsay* 118
"Who walks with Beauty." *David Morton* 8
Whole Duty of Berkshire Brooks, The. *Grace Hazard Conkling* . 79
Wild Swans at Coole, The. *William Butler Yeats* 156
Wind-in-the-Hair and Rain-in-the-Face. *Arthur Guiterman* . 187
Windows. *Jessie B. Rittenhouse* 95
Winter. *Walter de la Mare* 192
Winter's Turning. *Amy Lowell* 205
Woman, A. *Scudder Middleton* 97

Index of Authors 225

STAR-POINTS

PANDORA'S SONG

Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Wingèd sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear,
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the grey disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

STAR-POINTS

STARS

Alone in the night
On a dark hill
With pines around me
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars
Over my head,
White and topaz
And misty red;

Myriads with beating
Hearts of fire
That æons
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven
Like a great hill,
I watch them marching
Stately and still,

And I know that I
Am honored to be
Witness
Of so much majesty.

SARA TEASDALE

THE DAWN WIND

[THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY]

AT two o'clock in the morning, if you open your window and listen,
You will hear the feet of the Wind that is going to call the sun.
And the trees in the shadow rustle and the trees in the moonlight glisten,
And though it is deep, dark night, you feel that the night is done.

So do the cows in the field. They graze for an hour and lie down,
Dozing and chewing the cud; or a bird in the ivy wakes,
Chirrups one note and is still, and the restless Wind strays on,
Fidgeting far down the road, till, softly, the darkness breaks.

Back comes the Wind full strength with a blow like an angel's wing,
Gentle but waking the world, as he shouts: "The Sun! The Sun!"
And the light floods over the fields and the birds begin to sing,
And the Wind dies down in the grass. It is day and his work is done.

So when the world is asleep, and there seems no hope of her waking
Out of some long, bad dream that makes her mutter and moan,
Suddenly, all men arise to the noise of fetters breaking,
And every one smiles at his neighbor and tells him his soul is his own!

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE GUERDON OF THE SUN

OF all the fonts from which man's heart has drawn
Some essence of the majesty of earth,
Some intimation of the human worth,
I reckon first the sunset and the dawn.

For those were fires whose splendor smote his clay
With witness of a light beyond the clod;
Enshrined, he made of radiance a god,
And found his benediction in the day.

And all his eager hands have found to do,
And all his tireless hope and love unite,
In some wise take their symbol from the light,
Our very heaven based on heaven's blue.

Tilth beyond tilth, he waits upon the sun,
The first to goad, the last to calm his breast,
With dawns that like a clarion break his rest,
And after-glows that crown his labor done.

GEORGE STERLING

I HAVE CARED FOR YOU, MOON

I HAVE cared for you, Moon,
Cold as you are,
Frozen on the sky
With your dangling star.

It is not your shape,
Nor your lure of light,
Holding the sun
On your breast all night:

It is not your voice,
I have never heard
Your glittering cry,
Your wandering word.

Yet you are romance
And you are song.
I have cared for you, Moon,
Long, long,

Since I first paid toll
With a coin of dream
On the road you silver.
You peer and gleam

With a wistful look
On your haunted face,
As though Earth were
A wonderful place.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

A PRAYER FOR THE OLD COURAGE

STILL let us go the way of beauty; go
The way of loveliness; still let us know
Those paths that lead where Pan and Daphne run,
Where roses prosper in the summer sun.

The earth may rock with War. Still is there peace
In many a place to give the heart release
From this too-vibrant pain that drives men mad.
Let us go back to the old loves we had.

Let us go back, to keep alive the gleam,
To cherish the immortal, Godlike dream;
Not as poor cravens flying from the fight,
But as sad children seeking the clean light.

Oh, doubly precious now is solitude;
Thrice dear yon quiet star above the wood,
Since panic and the sundering shock of War
Have laid in ruins all we hungered for.

Brave soldiers of the spirit, guard ye well
Mountain and fort and massive citadel;
But keep ye white forever — keep ye whole
The battlements of dream within the soul!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

WHO WALKS WITH BEAUTY

WHO walks with Beauty has no need of fear;
The sun and moon and stars keep pace with him,
Invisible hands restore the ruined year,
And time, itself, grows beautifully dim.
One hill will keep the footprints of the moon,
That came and went a hushed and secret hour;
One star at dusk will yield the lasting boon:
Remembered Beauty's white, immortal flower.

Who takes of Beauty wine and daily bread,
Will know no lack when bitter years are lean;
The brimming cup is by, the feast is spread, —
The sun and moon and stars his eyes have seen,
Are for his hunger and the thirst he slakes:
The wine of Beauty and the bread he breaks.

DAVID MORTON

A BALLADE-CATALOGUE OF LOVELY THINGS

I WOULD make a list against the evil days
  Of lovely things to hold in memory:
First I set down my lady's lovely face,
  For earth has no such lovely thing as she;
  And next I add, to bear her company,
The great-eyed virgin star that morning brings;
  Then the wild-rose upon its little tree —
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

The enchanted dogwood, with its ivory trays,
  The water-lily in its sanctuary
Of reeded pools, and dew-drenched lilac sprays,
  For these, of all fair flowers, the fairest be;
  Next write I down the great name of the sea,
Lonely in greatness as the names of kings;
  Then the young moon that hath us all in fee —
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

Imperial sunsets that in crimson blaze
  Along the hills, and, fairer still to me,
The fireflies dancing in a netted maze
  Woven of twilight and tranquillity;
  Shakespeare and Virgil, their high poesy;
Then a great ship, splendid with snowy wings,
  Voyaging on into eternity —
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

ENVOI

Prince, not the gold bars of thy treasury,
Not all thy jewelled sceptres, crowns and rings,
Are worth the honeycomb of the wild bee —
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

POETRY

I AM the reality of things that seem;
The great transmuter, melting loss to gain,
Languor to love, and fining joy from pain.
I am the waking, who am called the dream;
I am the sun, all light reflects my gleam;
I am the altar-fire within the fane;
I am the force of the refreshing rain;
I am the sea to which flows every stream.
I am the utmost height there is to climb;
I am the truth, mirrored in fancy's glass;
I am stability, all else will pass;
I am eternity, encircling time;
Kill me, none may; conquer me, nothing can —
I am God's soul, fused in the soul of man.

ELLA CROSBY HEATH

THE ELFIN ARTIST

In a glade of an elfin forest
When Sussex was Eden-new,
I came on an elvish painter
And watched as his picture grew.
A harebell nodded beside him.
He dipt his brush in the dew.

And it might be the wild thyme round him
That shone in that dark strange ring;
But his brushes were bees' antennæ,
His knife was a wasp's blue sting;
And his gorgeous exquisite palette
Was a butterfly's fan-shaped wing.

And he mingled its powdery colours
And painted the lights that pass,
On a delicate cobweb canvas
That gleamed like a magic glass,
And bloomed like a banner of elf-land,
Between two stalks of grass;

Till it shone like an angel's feather
With sky-born opal and rose,
And gold from the foot of the rainbow,
And colours that no man knows;

And I laughed in the sweet May weather,
  Because of the themes he chose.

For he painted the things that matter,
  The tints that we all pass by,
Like the little blue wreaths of incense
  That the wild thyme breathes to the sky;
Or the first white bud of the hawthorn,
  And the light in a blackbird's eye;

And the shadows on soft white cloud-peaks
  That carolling skylarks throw,
Dark dots on the slumbering splendours
  That under the wild wings flow,
Wee shadows like violets trembling
  On the unseen breasts of snow;

With petals too lovely for colour
  That shake to the rapturous wings,
And grow as the bird draws near them,
  And die as he mounts and sings; —
Ah, only those exquisite brushes
  Could paint these marvellous things.

ALFRED NOYES

THE MUSIC OF A TREE

Once, walking home, I passed beneath a Tree,
It filled the air like dark stone statuary,
    It was so quiet and still,
    Its thick green leaves a hill
Of strange and faint earth-branching melody:

Over a wall it hung its leaf-starred wood.
And as I lonely there beneath it stood,
    In that sky-hollow street
    Where rang no human feet,
Sweet music flowed and filled me with its flood;

And all my weariness then fell away,
The houses were more lovely than by day;
    The Moon and that old Tree
    Sang there; and secretly,
With throbbing heart, tip-toe I stole away.

W. J. Turner

A TREE AT DUSK

With secrets in their eyes the blue-winged Hours
Rustle through the meadow
Dropping shadow.

Yawning among red flowers,
The Moon Child with her golden hoop
And a pink star drifting after,
Leans to me where I droop.

I hear her delicate, soft laughter,
And through my hair her tiny fingers creep....

I shall sleep.

WINIFRED WELLES

LEAF-BURNING

THE flame of my life burns low
Under the cluttered days
Like a fire of leaves.
But always a little blue, sweet-smelling smoke
Goes up to God.

KARLE WILSON BAKER

THE PINES

IN lofty galleries of greenery
They rise and meet the azure of the sky,
A pillared nave whose arches frail and high
Breathe with an organ's solemn melody:
Now like the minor surging of the sea
Or low and faint as wings that startle by —

As sweet-tuned winds that quaveringly sigh
Adown dim aisles of cloistered pageantry.

While through the stretches of this lovely fane
The swaying censers shed a drowsy smell
Heavy with some rare fragrance from afar,
Upon the pavement falls the sunset stain,
The dusk creeps on . . . softly a twilight bell . . .
And now, the altar-candle of a star!

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

ASPIRATION

ABOVE the crestward-climbing pines,
Above the dewy slopes of lawn,
Above the copse's coil of vines,
I have gone up to meet the dawn.

I have grown weary of the night
That from day's gold mine eye debars, —
Of seeing up the purple height
Troop the processional of stars.

I yearn to mark the shattering beam
Backward the gates of darkness throw;
I long to hear across my dream
The wakening trump of morning blow.

Hark! 'tis the first bird-note! — and mark,
Flushing the east, a crimson ray! —
Soul, from the girdling wastes of dark
Go thou, too, up to meet the day!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

TRIUMPHALIS

SOUL, art thou sad again,
With the old sadness?
Thou shalt be glad again
With a new gladness,
When April sun and rain
Mount to the teeming brain
With the earth-madness.

When from the mould again,
Spurning disaster,
Spring shoots unfold again,
Follow thou faster
Out of the drear domain
Of dark, defeat, and pain,
Praising the Master.

Light for thy guide again,
Ample and splendid;
Love at thy side again,
All doubting ended.

(Ah, by the dragon slain,
For nothing small or vain
Michael contended!)

Thou shalt take heart again,
No more despairing;
Play thy great part again,
Loving and caring.
Hark, how the gold refrain
Runs through the iron strain,
Splendidly daring!

Thou shalt grow strong again,
Confident, tender, —
Battle with wrong again,
Be truth's defender, —
Of the immortal train
Born to attempt, attain,
Never surrender!

BLISS CARMAN

LAST SONG IN AN OPERA

FROM the apple bough many petals fly tossed of the wind,
Yet goldenly heavy it hangs on blue autumn eves
(*All things come unto him whose heart believes*).

The dove, though the tempest-swept sun her bright eyes blind,
Beats onward fast.
Till with clapped, sailing wings down at the last
To the loved cote she come.
Ah, the long way of Love, but Love comes home!

The silver river wanders and circles time out of mind,
Yet turns at length where the sea tosses her smoking sheaves
(*All things come unto him whose heart believes*).
So golden-feathered Love beats his high course, though blind,
Until that hour
When, downward stooping through the flaming shower,
Into the heart he come.
Ah, the long way of Love, but Love comes home!

ROBERT NICHOLS

MY APRIL

THERE is a day of April in my heart,
Flooded with fragrance of plowed fields and rain,
And laughter at the cross-roads where we part,
And laughter at the place we meet again.

The magic of my April has no name;
Not Spring, nor all the glory to come after, —
My April is the Joy the earth became,
Hearing the sweet abandon of your laughter.

The memory of laughter lingers still,
  Like some bird's singing after he has flown,
Or echoes thrown from hill to answering hill,
  That never die or leave the heart alone.

Death cannot still the echoes Love awakes,
So — April and your laughter he forsakes.

B. Preston Clark, Jr.

W'EN SPREENG EES COM'

Oh! 'scusa, lady, 'scusa, pleass',
For dat I stop an' stare;
I no can halpa do like dees
W'en Spreeng ees een da air.

I s'pose you know how moocha joy
Ees feell da heart of leetla boy,
W'en beeg parade ees passa by,
Eef he can climb da pole so high;
Or find on window-seell a seat
Where he can see da whola street,
An' watch da soldiers marcha 'way
An' hear da sweeta music play.
Ah! lady, eef dees joy you know,
You would no frown upon me so.

For, like da boy dat climb da pole,
From deep eensida me my soul —
My hongry, starva soul — ees rise
Onteell eet looka from my eyes
At all dat com' so sweet an' fair
W'en now da Spreeng ees een da air;
At greena grass, at buddin' trees
Dat wave deir branches een da breeze,
At leetla birds dat hop an' seeng
Baycause dey are so glad for Spreeng —
An' you dat look so pure, so sweet,
O! lady, *you* are part of eet!

So, 'scusa, lady, 'scusa, pleass',
For dat I stop an' stare;
I no can halpa do like dees
W'en Spreeng ees een da air.

T. A. Daly

A SONG OF APRIL

The censer of the eglantine was moved
By little lane winds, and the watching faces
Of garden flowerets, which of old she loved
Peep shyly outward from their silent places.
But when the sun arose the flowers grew bolder,
And she will be in white, I thought, and she

Will have a cuckoo on her either shoulder,
And woodbine twines and fragrant wings of pea.

And I will meet her on the hills of South,
And I will lead her to a northern water,
My wild one, the sweet beautiful uncouth,
The eldest maiden of the Winter's daughter.
And down the rainbows of her noon shall slide
Lark music, and the little sunbeam people,
And nomad wings shall fill the river side,
And ground winds rocking in the lily's steeple.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

A BLACKBIRD SUDDENLY

HEAVEN is in my hand, and I
Touch a heart-beat of the sky,
Hearing a blackbird's cry.

Strange, beautiful, unquiet thing,
Lone flute of God, how can you sing
Winter to spring?

You have outdistanced every voice and word,
And given my spirit wings until it stirred
Like you — a bird!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

LATE PLOWING

This year the rains have made the plowing late,
And now the edges of the field are green,
Birch and viburnum crowding close against
Low, grey stone walls, young leaves fresh washed and clean.

The apple trees are growing faintly pink,
Like some new morning dawning on a hill;
The sharp plow, leaving billows in its wake,
Sails over that dark sea whose waves are still.

Now who shall dream if not the man who plows?
So very near the secret of the earth,
He deals with mystery and plans in faith
The miracles of death and of rebirth.

The catbird in the hedges knows a song
More sweet than other birds the plowman hears.
The old, old earth, new turned, with a fine scent
Exhales the promise of her changeless years.

The slim, young alders lean against the wall,
All decked with fringes green and delicate;
The red-brown earth lies ready in the sun.
This year the rains have made the plowing late.

Louise Driscoll

SOWING

It was a perfect day
For sowing; just
As sweet and dry was the ground
As tobacco-dust.

I tasted deep the hour
Between the far
Owl's chuckling first soft cry
And the first star.

A long stretched hour it was;
Nothing undone
Remained; the early seeds
All safely sown.

And now, hark at the rain,
Windless and light,
Half a kiss, half a tear,
Saying good-night.

EDWARD THOMAS

MONOTONE

THE monotone of the rain is beautiful,
And the sudden rise and slow relapse
Of the long multitudinous rain.

The sun on the hills is beautiful,
Or a captured sunset, sea-flung,
Bannered with fire and gold.

A face I know is beautiful—
With fire and gold of sky and sea,
And the peace of long warm rain.

CARL SANDBURG

EASTER SONG

My soul 's a belfry full of bells,
With warbling birds behind its bars!
I see the softly mirrored stars
That tremble in the glassy wells.

My soul 's a holy place enshrin'd,
My soul 's a bower all in leaf!
The little children weaned of grief
Go wafting songs a-down the wind.

My soul is full of Archangéls,
And full of star-y-pointing flight!
I hear the flail of Fates that smite
The hoarded grain with secret spells.

My soul is all a-brim with bliss,
My soul is full of Gods divine!
O Love, come bind these eyes of mine,
And lead me where thy pathway is!

STUART MERRILL
(Translated by Wilfred Thorley)

RESURRECTION

Lo! Mid the splendor of eternal spaces
Pierced by the smile of God,
I looked last night upon celestial faces,
The singing ethers trod.
World upon world in rhythmic measure wheeling,
Millions of blazing suns like censers swung,
When down the lanes of light a Voice came pealing,
Upon my ear its clarion message flung:
"To-day is Resurrection! Look not hence
To some far distant trumpet call to sound
That hour when, as the spirit's recompense,
Man's body shall be summoned from the ground.
O feeble souls bound close with superstition,
O blind and halt and deaf that will not hear,
There is no other miracle fruition
Than thrills the Cosmos *now*, from sphere to sphere.

"Earth at this hour is shaken with the passion
Of resurrection fire.

Stupendous forces move and mold and fashion
Unto God's great desire.
The only death is death in man's perception;
The only grave is grave of blinded eyes.
Creation's marvel mocks at man's deception —
It is man's *mind* that from its tomb must rise.

"Waken O world, if you would glimpse the wonder
Of God's great Primal Plan.
Open O ears, if you would hear the thunder
Hurled from the heights to man.
How long shall Christ's high message be rejected?
Two thousand years have passed since it was told.
Must One again be born and resurrected
Ere man shall grasp the secret, ages old?

"What, then, the miracle of Easter day?
What meant the riven tomb, the hidden Might
That conquered death and rolled the stone away
And brought the Master back to mortal sight?
This! That throughout the worlds, One Life, unbroken
Rushes and flames in an unending vow.
Death *cannot be*, and never has been spoken —
God and immortal life are *here* and *now!*"

ANGELA MORGAN

BEAUTY

You bid me stay; I go
Whither no man may go.

I am the rose's soul,
The breast of the oriole.

I am the rainbow's arc,
The star on the breast of the dark.

Sever me, I am still
The wonder on the hill.

Part me, and I am yet
The heart of the violet.

With the first flush of morn
I am each day re-born.

Clinton Scollard

GIFTS

For these let me be thankful on this day;
Warm spreading sun and flowers that brightly bloom,
The breath of scented springtime in my room.
The open sky of blue above my way —

Swift winds that sweep the clouds across the bay
And sounds that pulse the earth with sudden song:
Peepers, and whippoorwills and birds whose long
Sweet notes spill golden harmonies of May;
These but the symbols of a greater thing —
The warm blood in my veins, the eager heart
That at each touch of Beauty feels the start
Of fine resurgence — quickened as the spring.
Yea, above all, oh let me greatly prize
The Gift of Life, supreme, through Beauty's eyes!

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

A CHANT OUT OF DOORS

GOD of grave nights,
God of brave mornings,
God of silent noon,
Hear my salutation!

For where the rapids rage white and scornful,
I have passed safely, filled with wonder;
Where the sweet pools dream under willows,
I have been swimming, filled with life.

God of round hills,
God of green valleys,
God of clear springs,
Hear my salutation!

For where the moose feeds, I have eaten berries,
Where the moose drinks, I have drunk deep.
When the storm crashed through broken heavens —
And under clear skies — I have known joy.

God of great trees,
God of wild grasses,
God of little flowers,
Hear my salutation!

For where the deer crops and the beaver plunges,
Near the river I have pitched my tent;
Where the pines cast aromatic needles
On a still floor, I have known peace.

God of grave nights,
God of brave mornings,
God of silent noon,
Hear my salutation!

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

THE NATURALIST ON A JUNE SUNDAY

MY old gardener leans on his hoe,
Tells me the way that green things grow;
"Goin' to church? Why no.
All nature 's church enough for me!"
Says he.

"Preachin' o' flower and choir o' bird,
An' the wind passin' the plate —
Sweetest service that ever *I* heard,
That's straight!
Eternal Rest?
What for, friend?
Gimme a swarm o' bees to tend,
A honey-makin', world without end,
That's what *I'd* like the best!
(Scoop 'em right up an' find the queen,
They 'd not sting me — the bees ain' mean!)

"Heaven's all right!
But still I guess I'll kinder miss
The Lady Lunar moth at night
And the White Wanderer butterfly
Crawlin' out of its chrysalis!
I want my heaven human too,
'Twixt me an' you —
Why I'd jus' love to see
A chipmunk hop up to the Lord
An' eat right out o' His dread Hand
Same as it does to me!
Eternity — eternity —
Don't it sound grand?
But say
What 's the matter with today?

Just step into the wood an' take a look!
Ain't that a page o' teachin' from the Holy Book?
'He that hath eyes to see
An' ears to hear' —
That 's good enough for me!
I guess God 's pretty near,
He 'll understand, *I* know,
Why I ain't in no hurry to let June go!"

My old gardener turns to his hoe,
Helping the green things how to grow,
"The Misses can go to church for me!
Amen!" says he.

LEONORA SPEYER

THE MOCKING FAIRY

"WON'T you look out of your window, Mrs. Gill?"
Quoth the Fairy, nidding, nodding in the garden;
"Can't you look out of your window, Mrs. Gill?"
Quoth the Fairy, laughing softly in the garden;
But the air was still, the cherry boughs were still,
And the ivy-tod 'neath the empty sill,
And never from her window looked out Mrs. Gill
On the Fairy shrilly mocking in the garden.

"What have they done with you, you poor Mrs. Gill?"
Quoth the Fairy, brightly glancing in the garden;

"Where have they hidden you, you poor old Mrs. Gill?"
Quoth the Fairy dancing lightly in the garden;
But night's faint veil now wrapped the hill,
Stark 'neath the stars stood the dead-still Mill,
And out of her cold cottage never answered Mrs. Gill
The Fairy mimbling mambling in the garden.

WALTER DE LA MARE

NATURE'S FRIEND

SAY what you like,
All things love me!
I pick no flowers —
That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths
Think my hand one
To touch their wings —
With Wind and Sun.

The garden Mouse
Comes near to play;
Indeed, he turns
His eyes away.

The Wren knows well
I rob no nest;
When I look in,
She still will rest.

The hedge stops Cows,
  Or they would come
After my voice
  Right to my home.

The Horse can tell,
  Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
  Hold any whip.

Say what you like,
  All things love me!
Horse, Cow, and Mouse,
  Bird, Moth and Bee.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

MOONFLOWERS

THESE frail, white blooms have lit the summer night
Like ghosts of beauty that had gone too soon, —
With something less than any glimmering light
  That sways and faints and trembles in the moon.
I think the Earth grows half-regretful, now,
  Of faces that were lovely of old time,
Lifts here again dim hands and hair and brow,
  In loveliness more fragile than a rhyme.

So that the listening night has somehow learned
A way of prescient waiting through the dark,
For half-forgotten loveliness returned, —
Too frail and dim for eyes like ours to mark
More than a ghostly glimmer on the air,
That once was lighted brow and hands and hair.

DAVID MORTON

HERMIT THRUSH

HARK, from the wood's melodious flute
That first clear liquid note,
Long sustained
Of summer!
You mean so much to me, shy hermit
Of the woods,
O messenger of joy!
From out your speckled throat
All music surely has its birth
In that clear, crystal note
Which bursts upon the ear,
Clearly calling, "Joy! — I'm here!"
Your first, full, rapturous note
Is like the colour in the crystal
When first the sun it catches,
With sparkling notes that follow
Dancing, in prismic flashes.

First herald of the morning
In that long, liquid note of joy,
Buoyant, sportive, pealing,
The last to sing the closing note at vespers,
Plaintive, sweet, and full of depth
And feeling.
You fling your song out as a call,
You sing that in this life there 's passion,
Pain and suffering —
But over all is joy!
Joy!
Joy!
There 's joy enough for all!

MARIE TUDOR

A SUMMER DAY

WHAT a day of rapturous beauty!
With maddening sunlight all the land 's aglow —
The glad sea-spray in joyous clamor breaks
Upon the cold and unresponsive rock,
Then upward leaps toward heaven's lustrous blue
In ecstasy of tumult and delight!
The call of summer is in air and earth,
All Nature throbs with passion and with power —
The Soul of Man's enraptured with the hour!

SARAH METCALF PHIPPS

ALOHA

I KNOW a little island
  Set in the summer sea,
Wave-washed and green and mossy
  As green can be.

Great joys are in the offing;
  And always day and night,
Putting into the harbor,
  Is some delight.

Around it sail great sorrows;
  So far it is from care
That only fleets of laughter
  May anchor there.

And only strong fair faces
  Pass always to and fro;
As in a place enchanted
  They come and go.

Once came a green sea-serpent,
  The island people say,
And in their warmth of welcome
  Basked for a day:

Basked — and with venom sweetened,
  Fled from that holy ground,
Dyeing the seas with envy
  For miles around:

With envy of the people
  Who worship lovely things,
Such as in eld were worshiped
  By queens and kings.

Stay, lovely little island,
  Still in the summer sea,
Wave-washed and green and mossy
  As green can be!

WILLIAM GRIFFITH

THE BEST FRIEND

Now shall I walk
    Or shall I ride?
"Ride," Pleasure said;
    "Walk," Joy replied.

Now what shall I —
    Stay home or roam?
"Roam," Pleasure said;
    And Joy — "Stay home."

Now shall I dance,
Or sit for dreams?
"Sit," answers Joy;
"Dance," Pleasure screams.

Which of ye two
Will kindest be?
Pleasure laughed sweet,
But Joy kissed me!

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

THE FALCONER OF GOD

I FLUNG my soul to the air like a falcon flying.
I said, "Wait on, wait on, while I ride below!
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon —
A strange white heron rising with silver on its wings,
Rising and crying
Wordless, wondrous things;
The secret of the stars, of the world's heart-strings
The answer to their woe.
Then stoop thou upon him, and grip and hold him so!"

My wild soul waited on as falcons hover.
I beat the reedy fens as I trampled past.

I heard the mournful loon
In the marsh beneath the moon.
And then — with feathery thunder — the bird of my desire
Broke from the cover
Flashing silver fire.
High up among the stars I saw his pinions spire.
The pale clouds gazed aghast
As my falcon stoopt upon him, and gript and held him fast.

My soul dropt through the air — with heavenly plunder? —
Gripping the dazzling bird my dreaming knew?
Nay! but a piteous freight,
A dark and heavy weight
Despoiled of silver plumage, its voice forever stilled, —
All of the wonder
Gone that ever filled
Its guise with glory. Oh, bird that I have killed,
How brilliantly you flew
Across my rapturous vision when first I dreamed of you!

Yet I fling my soul on high with new endeavor,
And I ride the world below with a joyful mind.
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon —
A wondrous silver heron its inner darkness fledges!
I beat forever
The fens and the sedges.

The pledge is still the same — for all disastrous pledges,
All hopes resigned!
My soul still flies above me for the quarry it shall find.

William Rose Benét

LINES FROM "THE ROAMER"

Love is the bread that feeds the multitudes;
Love is the healing of the hospitals;
Love is the light that breaks through prison doors;
Love knows not rich nor poor, nor good nor bad,
But only the beloved, in every heart
One and the same, the incorruptible
Spirit divine, whose tabernacle is life.
Love, more than hunger, feeds the soul's desire;
Love more the spirit than the body heals;
Love is a star unto the darkened mind;
And they who truly are Love's servants leal,
And follow him, undoubting, to the end,
Beyond the bounds of human righteousness,
Past Justice and past Mercy, find at last,
Past Charity, past Pardon, Love enthroned,
Lord of all hearts, incarnate in man's soul.

George Edward Woodberry

COMPLETION

My heart has fed today.
My heart, like hind at play,
Has grazed in fields of love, and washed in streams
Of quick, imperishable dreams.

In moth-white beauty shimmering,
Lovely as birches in the moon glimmering,
From coigns of sleep my eyes
Saw dawn and love arise.

And like a bird at rest,
Steady in a swinging nest,
My heart at peace lay gloriously
While wings of ecstasy
Beat round me and above.

I am fulfilled of love.

EUNICE TIETJENS

TO ONE I LOVE

To one I love
I have been all things beautiful.
I am the stars, the light, the breath,
The music of the world set forth for him;

And I am witchery, and even woe,
Woe of a quality akin to joy!
The thought of me is subtly intertwined
With twilight and the wheeling swallows cry,
With doorways dimly lit; and darkening fields;
The long road's ending, and the lantern's gleam;
With huddled roofs adream beneath the moon.
For I am that by which he is reborn.
The dearness of the heart by candle-light;
The mystery wherein two spirits blend;
I have the strange remoteness of the heavens
And yet the patient nearness of the grass.

AMORY HARE

MORNING SONG

THERE's a mellower light just over the hill,
And somewhere a yellower daffodil,
And honey, somewhere, that's sweeter still.

And some were meant to stay like a stone,
Knowing the things they have always known,
Sinking down deeper into their own.

But some must follow the wind and me,
Who like to be starting and like to be free,
Never so glad as we're going to be!

KARLE WILSON BAKER

THE VALLEY'S SINGING DAY

The sound of the closing door was all.
You made no sound in the grass with your footfall,
As far as you went from the door, which was not far;
But had awakened under the morning star
The first song bird that awakened all the rest.
He could have slept but a moment more at best:
Already determined dawn began to lay
In place across a cloud the slender ray
For prying beneath and forcing the lids of sight,
And loosing the pent-up music of over night.
But dawn was not to begin their "pearly-pearly"
(By which they mean the rain is pearls so early
Before it changes to diamonds in the sun),
Neither was song that day to be self-begun.
You had begun it, and if there needed proof —
I was asleep still under the dripping roof,
My window curtain hung over the sill to wet;
But I should awake to confirm your story yet;
I should be willing to say and help you to say
That once you had opened the valley's singing day.

Robert Frost

AFTER TWO YEARS

She is all so slight
And tender and white
  As a May morning.
She walks without hood
At dusk. It is good
  To hear her sing.

It is God's will
That I shall love her still
  As He loves Mary.
And night and day
I will go forth to pray
  That she love me.

She is as gold
Lovely, and far more cold.
  Do thou pray with me,
For if I win grace
To kiss twice her face
  God has done well to me.

Richard Aldington

CLICK O' THE LATCH

The silence holds for it, taut and true,
The young moon stays for it, wistful white;
Winds that whimpered the sunset through
Sigh for it, low and light, —

Click o' the latch and he'll come home —
A stir in the dusk at the little gate.
Hush, my heart, — be still, my heart —
Surely it's sweet to wait!

The tall skies lean for it, listening —
Never a star but lends an ear —
The passionate porch-flowers stoop and cling —
Stilling their leaves to hear

Click o' the latch and him come home, —
A step on the flags, a snatch of song,
Hurry my heart, be swift, my heart, —
How did we wait so long!

Nancy Byrd Turner

LOVE'S ISLAND

(from the Japanese of Doku-ho)

An island in an inland sea;
"Too small for me!" I sadly cried.
And then espied

A lark that rose into the sky.
Whereat I changed my plaintive cry:
"If lark there be
Then field there is.
If field there be
Then man there is.
If man there be
Then Love there is.
Then large enough, indeed, for me
Thou little island in the sea!"

IAN OLIVER

EVEN-SONG

THE night and the day have met on the road,
Travelers faring afar;
Have met and kissed and gone on their way —
Their kiss is the evening star.

The night and the day have met on the road,
Wayfarers passing by;
The day has blushed at the glance of the night, —
Her blush is the evening sky.

The night and the day have met on the road,
Longing to linger there;
Have looked and sighed and said farewell, —
Their sigh is the evening air.

The night and the day have met on the road,
  Tremulous, O my Sweet;
And all the twilight is faint with the prayer
  That thou and I should meet!

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

DUSK AT SEA

TO-NIGHT eternity alone is near:
  The sea, the sunset, and the darkening blue;
Within their shelter is no space for fear,
  Only the wonder that such things are true.

The thought of you is like the dusk at sea —
  Space and wide freedom and old shores left far,
The shelter of a lone immensity
  Sealed by the sunset and the evening star.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

A SPRIG OF ROSEMARY

I CANNOT see your face.
When I think of you,
It is your hands which I see.
Your hands
Sewing,
Holding a book,

Resting for a moment on the sill of a window.
My eyes keep always the sight of your hands,
But my heart holds the sound of your voice,
And the soft brightness which is your soul.

AMY LOWELL

HER WAY

You loved the hay in the meadow,
  Flowers at noon,
The high cloud's long shadow,
  Honey of June,
The flaming woodways tangled
  With Fall on the hill,
The towering night star-spangled
  And winter-still.

And you loved firelit faces,
  The hearth, the home, —
Your mind on golden traces,
  London or Rome, —
On quaintly-colored spaces
  Where heavens glow
With his quaint saints' embraces, —
  Angelico.

In cloister and highway
  (Gold of God's dust!)

And many an elfin byway
You put your trust, —
A crock and a table,
Love's end of day,
And light of a storied stable
Where kings must pray.

Somewhere there is a village
For you and me,
Hayfield, hearth and tillage, —
Where can it be?
Prayers when birds awake,
Daily bread,
Toil for His sunlit sake
Who raised us dead.

With this in mind you moved
Through love and pain.
Hard though the long road proved,
You turned again
With a heart that knew its trust
Not ill-bestowed.
With this you light the dust
That clouds my road.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE GIFT OF GOD

Blessed with a joy that only she
Of all alive shall ever know,
She wears a proud humility
For what it was that willed it so, —
That her degree should be so great
Among the favored of the Lord
That she may scarcely bear the weight
Of her bewildering reward.

As one apart, immune, alone,
Or featured for the shining ones,
And like to none that she has known
Of other women's other sons, —
The firm fruition of her need,
He shines anointed; and he blurs
Her vision, till it seems indeed
A sacrilege to call him hers.

She fears a little for so much
Of what is best, and hardly dares
To think of him as one to touch
With aches, indignities, and cares;
She sees him rather at the goal,
Still shining; and her dream foretells
The proper shining of a soul
Where nothing ordinary dwells.

Perchance a canvass of the town
Would find him far from flags and shouts,
And leave him only the renown
Of many smiles and many doubts;
Perchance the crude and common tongue
Would havoc strangely with his worth;
But she, with innocence unwrung,
Would read his name around the earth.

And others, knowing how this youth
Would shine, if love could make him great,
When caught and tortured for the truth
Would only writhe and hesitate;
While she, arranging for his days
What centuries could not fulfill,
Transmutes him with her faith and praise,
And has him shining where she will.

She crowns him with her gratefulness,
And says again that life is good;
And should the gift of God be less
In him than in her motherhood,
His fame, though vague, will not be small,
As upward through her dream he fares,
Half clouded with a crimson fall
Of roses thrown on marble stairs.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

MOTHER-PRAYER

"Lord, make my loving a guard for them
Day and night,
Let never pathway be hard for them;
Keep all bright!
Let not harsh touch of a thorn for them
Wound their ease —
All of the pain I have borne for them
Spare to these!"

So I would pray for them,
Kneeling to God
Night and day for them.

"Lord, let the pain life must bring to them
Make them strong,
Keep their hearts white though grief cling to them
All life long,
Let all the joys Thou dost keep from them
At Thy will
Give to them power to reap from them
Courage still!"

So I must ask for them,
Leaving to God
His own task for them.

Margaret Widdemer

"I SING NO MORE"

I SING no more the brook-song, the tree-song?
I sing no more the tune of the windy hills?
I have forgotten, perhaps, the storm-song, the sea-song?
How a red dawn dazzles, and how a blue noon thrills?

— Ah, but my songs! A little gay echo sings them.
A little gay face comes laughing, stealing my flush of flame.
I have forgotten no tunes, but the thrush or the thunder brings
them
Perfect and undismayed, for the little gay lips to tame.

I go no more a-dancing and a-glittering?
I go no more in queer bright garments clad?
I have forgotten, perhaps, the dreams that the moon sets flittering,
Silver and gold and pearl-plumed; delicate, moody, sad?

— Ah, but my dance! — A little gay shadow treads it,
Green and azure and copper, a little shape leaps, bright-haired.
I have forgotten no dream, but the star or the sunrise sheds it,
Utterly young and fearless, with tremulous hot heart bared.

Why should I sing? And why should I dream and desire?
Not one night will wait for my dream; not one day for my song.
I am the speechless wood that laughs in the keen young fire.
O little wayward fire! Burn gloriously! Burn long!

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

QUANTITY AND QUALITY

THE poor have childher and to spare,
But with the quality they're rare,
Where money's scarce the childher's many,
Where money's thick you'll scarce find any,
Some wanted here, too many there —
It's quare.

Now, if the rich and poor could share,
There'd soon be childher everywhere;
But God have pity on the mother
That gives her child up to another;
An' so you'll find a mansion bare,
A cabin rich in all that's fair —
It's quare.

W. M. LETTS

THE CHILDHER

(AN IRISH MOTHER SPEAKS)

AH, sure, without the childher, now, I don't know what I'd do at all,
'T would be the same old story, every day, an' nothing new at all!
'T is thrue, they are a throuble, an' I'm often almost wild with them —
But what about the times when I am just another child with them?

When all their fun an' frolic makes the very rafters ring again,
An' I, with all my years, am led to join them when they sing again?
When Patsy (that's the eldest) — he that has the roguish glance with him —
He fairly dhrags me in to show the girls how I can dance with him?
When Mary (that's my second) plays the tunes of other days to me —
An' she not knowing half the things, poor child, the music says to me? —
When I can see around me every youthful face love-lit for me,
An' feel that all their merriment's intended, every bit for me? —
Ah, then, in spite of all the work, the worry and bewildherment,
I'm thanking God He gave me this: to know what little childher meant!

Ah, sure without the childher 't is myself might take it aisier;
But would I be much better off because I might be lazier?
My hand it might be whiter, an' I'd have more rings to wear on it,
But would my heart be lighter if I had no mother-care on it?
An' tell me how I'd spend the day — I'm thinkin' 't would be weary, now,
If I could not be lookin' out for Patsy an' for Mary, now,
Or some one or another of the little lives so dear to me,
An' thinkin' are they safe an' sound? an' wishin' they were near to me;

An' kissin' them when they came in, an' layin' lovin' hold on them,
An' askin' if they're wet, for fear they'd maybe have a cold on them.
An' smilin' to see Michael draw each lovin' little one to him,
An' laughin' when the youngest one, the toddler, tries to run to him.
'T is thrue, the world is filled with care, we suffer every day from it,
But, ah, the little childher, sure, they lure our hearts away from it!

The house that has the childher is the house that has the joy in it;
To me 't is only home that has a girleen or a boy in it;
An' every one that's added only makes the place the cheerier;
If childher are the gifts of God, the more He sends the merrier.
Sure, every little one I've had gave something to my bliss the more,
An' every little baby face my lips were drawn to kiss the more,
An' though I know the throuble an' the thrial an' the care they are,
An' though I know how often wild, how wayward an' how quare they are,
An' though 't is many a night I've watched beside the little beds of them,
An' held their little hands an' cooled the fevered little heads of them;

An' though I know the surly moods that fall upon the best of them —
Can *one* who is unkind outweigh the love of all the rest of them?
No, no, the throuble that I've had, through them I'll never rue at all,
An' sure, without the childher, now, I don't know what I'd do at all!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

NIGHT MAGIC

(A LIE-AWAKE SONG)

THE apples falling from the tree
Make such a heavy bump at night
I always am surprised to see
They are so little, when it's light;

And all the dark just sings and sings
So loud, I cannot see at all
How frogs and crickets and such things
That make the noise, can be so small.

Then my own room looks larger, too —
Corners so dark and far away —
I wonder if things really do
Grow up at night and shrink by day?

For I dream sometimes, just as clear,
I'm bigger than the biggest men —
Then mother says, "Wake up, my dear!"
And I'm a little boy again.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

THE LOCOMOTIVE TO THE LITTLE BOY

BOY, whose little, confiding hand
Your father holds, why do you stand
Staring in wonderment at me, —
Poor thing of iron that I be?

Your unsophisticated eyes
Are full of beautiful surprise;
And oh, how wonderful you are,
You little, golden morning-star!

Poor thing of iron that I be,
A mortal man imagined me;
But you — you drop of morning dew —
God and His heaven are globed in you.

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

THE COBBLER IN WILLOW STREET

Unless you knew just where to look
You could n't find it out of a book, —
Willow Street . . . close-walled, and still,
Short and shadowed in every nook
And hour as day goes up the hill.

The dark shapes slant to west at nine
And creep at one up to a line
Measuring eastern walls again,
And close the gloried morning vine
That they have touched enough to stain.

The cobbler's house is half the height
The pigeons measure in a flight
From bottom of the hill to top . . .
And where his one doorstep is white
The cobbler sings and keeps his shop.

Mornings, he makes a bluebird tune
For dreams and things that go too soon,
And in a song he's half forgot
Of Willow Street, in afternoon,
He sings of people who are not . . .

Of people who no longer care
About the houses in the square

Above the street and at its end,
Or do not see the willow bare
When rain drips from the boughs and bend.

He hums his quiet song about
The houses with their shutters out
Or folded in . . . of men who talked
Of plans and faith and hope and doubt,
And those that whispered while they walked . . .

Where houses kneel around the church
The pigeons flutter from their perch
Down to the narrow spotless street
To strut and stand and flash and lurch,
Crowding about the cobbler's feet.

Some day the cobbler's sound will beat —
When evening threnody is sweet
With old bells shaking sprays of chimes —
A song of us and Willow Street,
Tapping a heel all out of time. . . .

GEORGE O'NEIL

HOLD FAST YOUR DREAMS

HOLD fast your dreams!
Within your heart
Keep one, still, secret spot
Where dreams may go,

And sheltered so,
May thrive and grow —
Where doubt and fear are not.
O, keep a place apart,
Within your heart,
For little dreams to go!

Think still of lovely things that are not true.
Let wish and magic work at will in you.
Be sometimes blind to sorrow. Make believe!
Forget the calm that lies
In disillusioned eyes.
Though we all know that we must die,
Yet you and I
May walk like gods and be
Even now at home in immortality!

We see so many ugly things —
Deceits and wrongs and quarrelings;
We know, alas! we know
How quickly fade
The color in the west,
The bloom upon the flower,
The bloom upon the breast
And youth's blind hour.
Yet, keep within your heart
A place apart

Where little dreams may go,
May thrive and grow.
Hold fast — hold fast your dreams!

LOUISE DRISCOLL

THE LONESOME WAVE

THERE is an island
In the middle of my heart,
And all day comes lapping on the shore
A long silver wave.
It is the lonesome wave;
I cannot see the other side of it.
It will never go away
Until it meets the glad gold wave
Of happiness!

Wandering over the monstrous rocks,
Looking into the caves,
I see my island dark, all cold,
Until the gold wave sweeps in
From a sea deep blue,
And flings itself on the beach.
Oh, it is joy, then!
No more whispers like sorrow,
No more silvery lonesome lapping of the long wave. . . .

HILDA CONKLING
(*Seven years old*)

ROMANY GOLD

THERE'S a crackle of brown on the leaf's crisp edge
And the goldenrod blooms have begun to feather.
We're two jolly vagabonds under a hedge
By the dusty road together.

Could an emperor boast such a house as ours,
The sky for a roof and for couch the clover?
Does he sleep as well under silken flowers
As we, when the day is over?

He sits at ease at his table fine
With the richest of meat and drink before him.
I eat my crust with your hand in mine,
And your eyes are cups of a stronger wine
Than any his steward can pour him.

What if the autumn days grow cold?
Under one cloak we can brave the weather.
A comrade's troth is the Romany gold,
And we're taking the road together.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

THE LITTLE TAVERN

I'LL keep a little tavern
Below the high hill's crest,
Wherein all gray-eyed people
May set them down and rest.

There shall be plates a-plenty,
And mugs to melt the chill
Of all the gray-eyed people
Who happen up the hill.

There sound will sleep the traveler
And dream his journey's end,
But I will rouse at midnight
The falling fire to tend.

Aye, 't is a curious fancy —
But all the good I know
Was taught me out of two gray eyes
A long time ago.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

SACRED IDLENESS

WORK? Not to-day! Ah! no — that were to do
The gracious face of heaven a surly wrong,
Bright day so manifestly made for song,
And sweep of freedom's wings into the blue.
Divinely idle, rather let us lie,
And watch the lordly unindustrious sky
Nor trail the smoke of little busy cares
Across its calm — Work? Not to-day! not I!

Work? Why, another year . . . one never knows
But this the flowering last of all our years;
Which of us can be sure of next year's rose?
And I, that have so loved them all my days,
Not yet have learned the names of half the flowers,
Nor half enough have listened to the birds.

Nay! while the marvel of the May is ours,
Earth's book of lovely hieroglyphic words
Let's read together, each green letter spell,
And each illuminated miracle,
Decking the mystic text with blue and gold —
That Book of Beauty where all Truth is told.

Let's watch the dogwood, holding silver trays
Of blossom out across the woodland ways,
Whiter than breast of any mortal girl's;
And hark! yon bird flinging its song like pearls,
Sad as all lovely things fore-doomed to die —
Work? Not to-day! Ah! no — not you, not I.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE TREE-TOP ROAD

BEYOND the little window
Of my dull House of Care
One road is always beckoning
When days are gray and bare:

And then I leave the dusty street
The struggle and the load —
I pin my wings upon my feet
And take the Tree-top Road!

Life's sweetest joys are hidden
In unsubstantial things;
An April rain, a fragrance,
A vision of blue wings:
And what are memory and hope
But dreams? And yet the bread
On which these little lives of ours
Are fed and comforted!

Without imagination
The soul becomes a clod,
Missing the trail of beauty
Losing the way to God.
And I have built a templed-stair
Out of a lilac bloom
And climbed to heaven with purple pomp
And censers of perfume!

Philosophers and sages
Seeking to find out God
With puzzling chart and compass
And strange divining rod,

I think He must come down to see
  His orchards bloom in May, —
O souls of ours, put on your wings
  And try the Tree-top Way!

I have no feud with Labor,
  But at the Gates of June
I fling away my dusty pack
  And join in Youth's glad tune.
And just forgetting for awhile
  That I am worn and gray
Go sailing off with Peter Pan
  Along the Tree-top Way!

MAY RILEY SMITH

THE BEST ROAD OF ALL

I LIKE a road that leads away to prospects white and fair,
A road that is an ordered road, like a nun's evening prayer;
But, best of all, I love a road that leads to God knows where.

You come upon it suddenly — you cannot seek it out;
It's like a secret still unheard and never noised about;
But when you see it, gone at once is every lurking doubt.

It winds beside some rushing stream where aspens lightly quiver
It follows many a broken field by many a shining river;
It seems to lead you on and on, forever and forever!

You tramp along its dusty way, beneath its shadowy trees,
And hear beside you chattering birds or happy booming bees,
And all around you golden sounds, the green leaves' litanies.

And here's a hedge, and there's a cot; and then — strange,
sudden turns;
A dip, a rise, a little glimpse where the red sunset burns;
A bit of sky at eveningtime, the scent of hidden ferns.

A winding road, a loitering road, a finger-mark of God
Traced when the Maker of the world leaned over ways untrod.
See! Here He smiled His glowing smile, and lo, the goldenrod!

I like a road that wanders straight; the King's highway is fair,
And lovely are the sheltered lanes that take you here and there;
But, best of all, I love a road that leads to God knows where.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THE ROAD'S END

SOMETIMES the road was a twisted riddle
Where one might stray for a crooked mile,
But O, she danced to the pipes and fiddle
Most of the while, most of the while.

Sometimes the wind and the rain together
Blurred the hill that she needs must climb,

But O, she tripped it in primrose weather
Most of the time, most of the time.

Who may say that the journey tried her?
Never a Romany went as gay,
Seeing that true love walked beside her
All of the way, all of the way.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE AIR

THE air shone with light and rang with music
And carried memories of flowers to me,
Where I lay, resting a weary head and shoulders
Hard against the sod, under a tree.

The air moved gently, joyfully, over, under,
With delicate singing soothing my unrest,
While I lay there, too weary even to murmur,
Too spent to answer life, even with a jest.

The air was lovely. There I slept and wakened,
And still there was the miracle of the air;
Rested, I flung my arms apart in worship
To think of this glory moving everywhere.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

THE CELL

When from the hush of this cool wood
I go, Lord, to the noisy mart,
Give me among the multitude,
I pray, a lonely heart.

Yes, build in me a secret cell
Where quietness shall be a song:
In that green solitude I'll dwell,
And praise Thee all day long.

George Rostrevor

"SHE BECAME WHAT SHE BEHELD"

Bee in the lavender
Searching for provender,
If I were small
And greedy like thee,
How slender and tall
Would the lavender be.

High in the trees
I scramble and cling,
Softly the breeze
Sets me a-swing.

Deep in delight
I bury my nose,

Holding on tight
With fingers and toes.

Honey and wind
And lavender blue
Here do I find
All the day through —
Bee in the lavender
Searching for provender!

MARGARET CECILIA FURSE

TELL ALL THE WORLD

TELL all the world that summer's here again
With song and joy; tell them, that they may know
How, on the hillside, in the shining fields
New clumps of violets and daisies grow.

Tell all the world that summer's here again,
That white clouds voyage through a sky so still
With blue tranquillity, it seems to hang
One windless tapestry, from hill to hill.

Tell all the world that summer's here again:
Folk go about so solemnly and slow,
Walking each one his grooved and ordered way —
I fear that, otherwise they will not know!

HARRY KEMP

A B C'S IN GREEN

The trees are God's great alphabet:
With them He writes in shining green
Across the world His thoughts serene.

He scribbles poems against the sky
With a gay, leafy lettering,
For us and for our bettering.

The wind pulls softly at His page,
And every star and bird
Repeats in dutiful delight His word,
And every blade of grass
Flutters to class.

Like a slow child that does not heed,
I stand at summer's knees,
And from the primer of the wood
I spell that life and love are good,
I learn to read.

LEONORA SPEYER

WEEK-END

Morning! Wake up! Awaken! All the boughs
Are rippling on the air across the green.
The youngest birds are singing to the house.
Blood of the world! — and is the country clean?

Disturb the precinct. Cool it with a shout.
Sing as you trundle down to light the fire.
Turn the encumbering shadows tumbling out,
And fill the chambers with a new desire.
Life is no good, unless the morning brings
White happiness and quick delight of day.
These half-inanimate domestic things
Must all be useful, or must go away.
Coffee, be fragrant. Porridge in my plate,
Increase the vigour to fulfil my fate.

HAROLD MONRO

THE TRYST

'LONG about dusk I'd see him go
Almost a-runnin' through the snow
Bound for the marsh, like a feller who's late
Meetin' some girl, you know, — keepin' a "date."
"Jest like them dudes," thinks I, "to roam
With girls in the marsh, and their wives to home!"

So, one fine day, I on with my hood
And follered his tracks to the edge o' the wood
Where the marsh begins, to see who it was
Meetin' my neighbor's man, — because
I liked Mis' Joyce, — and she oughter know
O' the goin's-on out there in the snow!

Well, what do you s'pose I saw? — Instead er
A girl, there wa'n't nothin' but common salt meader,
And him on the bridge pacin' up and down
Watchin' the grasses float and drown
In the flood o' the tide, and the cakes of ice
Swim up westward. He looked so nice,
And pleased and content, it seemed like he
Was findin' himself rare company;
And never once did he turn his head
From the west, to look for a skirt instead.

I sneaked back home by the pasture lane,
And studied and puzzled and addled my brain
To guess why he hurried so, only to stand
And gape at the west with his hat in his hand.

Next mornin' says I to my neighbor: "Say,
Why does your man allus hurry that way
Past my house, the end of the day?"
Says she: "To look at the sunset, dear,
Out where there's nothing to interfere."
Says I: "Now ain't you city folks queer!
What's in a sunset for to see?"
"Look for yourself, my dear," says she.

So late that day, I thought for to look
Out o' the winder near where I cook.

The sky was a nice red birthday cake
Spattered with candles.

Mercy's sake!
I dropped the cutter; I dropped the dough,
I stood there gapin' outdoors as though
One o' them fairy tales was true,
And I was a princess with nothin' to do
But watch a girl sewin' with silver thread
On pink satin curtains to hang 'round my head.

I hurried across and opened the door;
Never seed nothin' so purty afore!
Then, under my eyes, things turned to a dome
O' melting gold, like a honey-comb.
Some bee must 'a' come from that fairy hive
And stung me, and made me feel all alive. . . .

Funny what tricks yer eyes will play
If any one happens to show 'em the way!

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

REVELATION

WALKING these long, late twilights of the Spring,
Where all the fret of life seems nothing worth,
And grief, itself, a half-forgotten thing,
Less keen than these cool odours of the earth, —

I sometimes think we find the secret gate
That gives on gardens of enchanted light,
Restoring glories that we lost of late,
To quiet wisdom and more certain sight.

A holier mood will haunt our stubborn will,
Till we shall see revealments through the grass,
And stop, abashed, before a daffodil,
A shining weed, a stone on ways we pass, —
Stand with bared head before the evening star,
And know these holy things for what they are.

DAVID MORTON

THRIFT

No beauty beauty overthrows,
But every joy its season knows,
And all enchanted hours prepare
Enchantment for to-morrow's wear.

Who in the just society
That walks with him this hour can see
But shadows of another bliss,
Loses both that delight and this.

Grieve not the parting day, for soon
The nightingales will sing the moon

Climbing the track that now the sun
Leaves when the songs of day are done.

And grieve not when her beauty fails,
And silence keeps the nightingales,
For that eclipse again will bring
The sun with all his birds to sing.

JOHN DRINKWATER

COUNTERSIGN

OUT in the dark-night long
I heard the Pine Tree's song
Make secret harmonies
For frozen earth and skies —

And in the first wan light
I watched a grey gull's flight
Toward morning and the sea:
These things did counsel me

To find for Doubt a wing:
To teach Despair to sing:
To make Faith's Countersign
A grey Gull and a Pine!

ARTHUR KETCHUM

SEA-GULL SONG

My thoughts are mighty sea-gulls,
Shining out to sea,
As white and strong as sea-gulls,
As avid of the sea.
They rest upon the green waves,
They mount up, one by one.
My thoughts are lordly sea-gulls,
Lovely in the sun.

My body stays in bondage
Upon the shore, I know;
But lazily float the sea-gulls
Like great flakes of snow.
Lazily float the sea-gulls,
Drifting in the blue,
My thoughts are bright as sea-gulls,
Their flight as true.

They scorn the towns, the shoreline;
Their home is in the sky;
They joy to breast the tempest,
My thoughts, more strong than I.
Mean household tasks may hold me
And four walls conquer me,
But my thoughts are sea-gulls
Lifting out to sea.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

To build the trout a crystal stair;
To comb the hillside's thick green hair;
To water jewel-weed and rushes;
To teach first notes to baby thrushes;
To flavor raspberry and apple
And make a whirling pool to dapple
With scattered gold of late October;
To urge wise laughter on the sober
And lend a dream to those who laugh;
To chant the beetle's epitaph;
To mirror the blue dragonfly,
Frail air-plane of a slender sky;
Over the stones to lull and leap
Herding the bubbles like white sheep;
The claims of worry to deny,
And whisper sorrow into sleep!

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

ON THE VERANDAH

LARKSPUR; windy July;
Trees riding up from the southward,
Green waves frozen before they fell,
Shattered with grey rifts of light:

Flickering in amber sunbeams,
Glinting with gold as the sunset passed,
We sat together and saw them change,
And in our hearts was peace.

In calm and opulent terraces
The sky unrolled ribbed cloud for us;
Marble-veined azure, peacefully walled.
Two and two went the grave white angels
Smiling and sometimes speaking to us:
The lower ones brooding in shadow,
The upper ones romping in sunlight
Where like white ladders the light ran up
From the cellars to upper balconies,
Where with wind-blown daisies frail gardens bloomed
in mid-air.

We watched them from the verandah,
Sitting together, you holding my hand;
The wind flapped the heavy bough-curtains,
And all our thoughts were at rest.
We were not troubled with anything,
We knew that this day was made for us,
We knew that new days would come in time,
The future and the past were now one.

Long we watched dark swallows hovering
Swift up the wind-waves of the sky,

Fluttering, soaring, and calling,
Wheeling like well-ordered oarsmen.
They passed through the sunpool washing the trees,
Rippling with warm heat over the world,
Caressing and changing the final faint clouds,
Before they receded to rest.

Evening bells sounded hollow, forlorn,
Out of a valley wreathed in white mist;
It was the time you must quit my side.
You went without pain or regret.
Such a perfect understanding ruled over our hearts,
That, parting, I felt that you still held my hand;
For all of my life was known by you
In such serene comprehensive surrender,
That I slept every night with no false dreams to mar
my sleep.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

ONE HOUR

I

SNATCHED from the greedy hand of ruthless Time,
We saved one hour of golden afternoon.
Oh! Love, it seemed our hearts, as one, did chime
In subtle symphony; and so in tune
Our spirits were, that speech was hardly part
Of the deep language of the happy heart.

II

The sunset lingered in the misty sky,
Till dim cloud shadows in the water grew,
And lilting reed-birds from the rushes, by
The gliding stream, across our vision flew,
With low, sweet cries, as though to thrill the ear
With the close thought that Nature was so near.

III

We seemed in unison with bird and flower,
At one with all the soft and sensuous light;
I thought of Danæ in her golden shower
And felt the God had claimed me as his right —
The terrible, strong God whom men call Love,
Who rules "the Earth below, the Heavens above!"

IV

And yet, in that sweet hour, the Soul was King!
And held the heart in pure and potent sway, —
And we can ever to that memory bring
The grateful knowledge that our perfect day,
With all its essence of a mortal union,
Was touched with high and Heavenly communion.

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

FRIENDS

I HAVE a friend whose stillness rests me so
His heart must know
How closely we together, silent, grow.

I have a friend whose brilliancy inspires
And rarely tires
When we two warm our spirits at his fires.

I have a friend whose charity delights
In others' rights.
We two sit talking often late of nights.

I have a friend whose discipline I need;
We have agreed
That neither from this schooling shall be freed.

I have a friend whose calmness some mistake.
But we two make
Of suffering more than just its grief and ache.

I have so many friends — each one fulfills
Just what God wills.
For He through them His best in me instills.

And so twice fortunate am I to find
Friends great and kind —
Each one himself, yet part of God's own mind.

VLYN JOHNSON

SAINTE JEANNE OF FRANCE

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
But ah! what found she there?
The little streams were running red,
And the torn fields were bare;
And all about the ruined towers
Where once her king was crowned,
The hurtling plows of war and death
Had scored the desolate ground.

Sainte Jeanne turned to the hearts of men
That harvest might not fail;
Her sword was girt upon her thigh,
Her dress was silvern mail;
And all the war-worn ranks were glad
To feel her presence shine;
Her smile was like the mellow sun
Along that weary line.

She gave her silence to their lips,
Her visions to their eyes,
And the quick glory of her sword
She lent to their emprise;
The shadow of her gentle hand
Touched Belgium's burning cross,
And set the seal of power and praise
On agony and loss.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
And oh! what found she there?
The brave seed of her scattering
In fruitage everywhere;
And where her strong and tender heart
Was broken in the flame,
She found the very heart of France
Had flowered in her name.

MARIAN COUTHOUY SMITH

THE PLOUGHMAN

GOD will not let my field lie fallow.

The ploughshare is sharp, the feet of his oxen are heavy;
They hurt.
But I cannot stay God from His ploughing,
I, the lord of the field.
While I stand waiting,
His shoulders loom upon me from the mist,
He has gone past me down the furrow, shouting a song.

(I had said, it shall rest for a season.
The larks had built in the grass. . . .)

He will not let my field lie fallow.

KARLE WILSON BAKER

THANKSGIVING

The roar of the world is in my ears.
Thank God for the roar of the world!
Thank God for the mighty tide of fears
Against me always hurled!

Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,
And the sting of His chastening rod!
Thank God for the stress and the pain of life,
And Oh, thank God for God!

Joyce Kilmer

THANKS FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN

God pours for me His draught divine, —
Moonlight, which is the poet's wine,
He has made this perfect night
For my wonder and delight.

What is it He would declare
In this beauty everywhere —
What dearest thought of His is heard
In the moonlight's secret word?

To the human, the Supreme
Poet speaks in wind and stream,

Tenderly He does express
His meaning in each loveliness.

Simply does He speak and clear,
As man to man, His message dear —
Aye — and well enough He knows
Who shall understand His rose!

Night is but His parable
Secretly where He would tell,
As to an intimate of His,
The mystery of all that is;

Nor humblest, nor most exquisite
Detail or phrase does He omit
From His great poem, confident
It shall be noted what He meant.

And cunningly doth still devise
New Aprils for His poet's eyes
For whose joy all things were wrought,
That without him were as nought.

Holy Poet, I have heard
Thy lost music, Thy least word;
Not Thy beauty's tiniest part
Has escaped this loving heart!

While the great world goes its way
I watch in wonder all the day,
All the night my spirit sings
For the loveliness of things.

But for lonely men like me
It were wasted utterly
All this beauty, vainly spent, —
Unavailing lavishment.

Little cricket, never fear,
There is one who waits to hear —
Nor is there loveliness so shy
It shall escape a poet's eye.

For the world enough it were
To have a useful earth and bare,
But for poets it is made
All in loveliness arrayed.

For his eye the little moth
Wears her coat of colored cloth,
And to please his ear the deep
Ocean murmurs in her sleep.

Rustle gently in the breeze
For his delight the poplar trees,
And in the song within his head
The thanks from earth to heaven is said.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

THE POET

Sun made the lily white,
The glory of the flowery earth;
Sun made the swan, which is
The lily of a life white-winged;
The eagle, whom he lures
Spell-bound to his great heights,
And the gold shimmer of the moon,
The lovers' loving comrade.
And then he dreamed a creature fuller
Of lilies, eagles, swans, and shimmers,
And made the poet. He
Alone beholds Thee face to face,
O God; and he alone,
Reaching into Thy heart, reveals
To us Thy mysteries.

Kostes Palamas

(*Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides*)

"TELL ME, WHAT IS POETRY—"

Tell me, what is poetry —
Wind in the pines along the sea,
Wind in the frost-browned lanes of sedge,
Lying close to the sand's white edge;

Song of the waves and the muttering roar
Of breakers lashing a wintry shore,
Tinkling sounds where waters slip
Through blue sea caves, drip by drip.

Tell me, what is poetry —
The earth's unceasing melody;
Dawn song, night song, birds awhir,
Fields where the bee is worshiper;
Drowsy drone of the summer rain,
Chirruping calls from ripening grain,
Cicada, cricket, shrilling low;
Nature's music in ebb and flow.

Tell me, what is poetry —
The heart's undying ecstasy,
Songs of our faith, our hopes, our tears,
Songs of the joys of passing years,
Laughter of children, glory of spring,
Tenderness for each blind dumb thing;
Praise when we bend 'neath the chastening rod;
Music that leads us up to God.

JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER

THE LISTENER

ONCE, ere the silver, sprinkled heavens were hung in Space, there
lived a Poet —
Alone, unspeaking and unspoken to, amidst a universal muteness.

One eternal moment his heart beat and he wished an Other, who might listen to his voice.

He spake; and thus was born Vak, Being of perfect beauty.

And the Poet opened his eyes and beheld Vak, the Gracious One, sweetly standing before the ocean of stillness, and he blessed her;

And from his blessing-word were born three sons — Truth, Right, and Immortality.

And Vak smiled with her eyes and from her smile were born three lovely daughters — Dawn, Day, and Twilight.

The three sons sing in the heavens, in mid-space, and on earth,

And the three fair daughters light the lamp in the three same spheres.

But Vak lives ever in the Poet's heart, listening to the voice of his soul.

ŚRÎ ĀNANDA ĀCHĀRYA

"ROSES ARE BEAUTY"

Roses are beauty, but I never see
Those blood drops from the burning heart of June
Glowing like thought upon the living tree,
Without a pity that they die so soon,
Die into petals, like those roses old,
Those women, who were summer in men's hearts
Before the smile upon the Sphinx was cold,
Or sand had hid the Syrian and his arts.

O myriad dust of beauty that lies thick
Under our feet that not a single grain
But stirred and moved in beauty and was quick
For one brief moon and died nor lived again;
But when the moon rose lay upon the grass
Pasture to living beauty, life that was.

I never see the red rose crown the year,
Nor feel the young grass underneath my tread,
Without the thought "This living beauty here
Is earth's remembrance of a beauty dead.
Surely where all this glory is displayed
Love has been quick, like fire, to high ends;
Here, in this grass, an altar has been made
For some white joy, some sacrifice of friends;
Here, where I stand, some leap of human brains
Has touched immortal things and left its trace,
The earth is happy here, the gleam remains;
Beauty is here, the spirit of the place,
I touch the faith which nothing can destroy,
The earth, the living church of ancient joy."

JOHN MASEFIELD

THE HUMMINGBIRD

The sunlight speaks, and its voice is a bird:
It glimmers half-guessed, half-seen, half-heard,
Above the flowerbed, over the lawn . . .
A flashing dip, and it is gone,
And all it lends to the eye is this —
A sunbeam giving the air a kiss.

Harry Kemp

"WHAT IF WE MADE OUR SENSES SO ASTUTE"

What if we made our senses so astute,
Our minds so quick, our hearing so acute,
That we could hear
The infinitesimal sound
That seeds must make in falling to the ground
At turning of the year?
What if we heard
The breathing of a bird,
The tapping of the black ant's little feet,
The brown snail tracing out a silver street?
Perhaps more kind, and so more swiftly wise,
We'd apprehend tears welling in the eyes
We love the most, and so could speak the word

To dry, or send them falling through a smile,
In just a little while.
I think all tears that fell at happy times
Might make a little pattering sound of chimes.

AMORY HARE

THE COIN

INTO my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin, —
Oh better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

SARA TEASDALE

"THE MIRROR OF ALL AGES ARE THE EYES"

THE mirror of all ages are the eyes
Of some remembering god, wherein are sealed
The beauties of the world, the April field,
Young faces, blowing hair, and autumn skies.
The mirrors of the world shall break, and yield
To life again what never really dies;
The forms and colours of earth's pageantries,
Unwithered and undimmed, shall be revealed.

And in that moment silence shall unfold
Forgotten songs that she has held interred,
The ocean rising on the shores of gold,
Flecked with white laughter and love's lyric word;
All happy music that the world has heard;
All beauty that eternal eyes behold.

ROBERT HILLYER

WINDOWS

I LOOKED through others' windows
On an enchanted earth,
But out of my own window —
Solitude and dearth.

And yet there is a mystery
I cannot understand —
That others through my window
See an enchanted land.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

AFTERNOON

SOME one is coming to call.

Up the red brick path between daffodils dancing
I see white ruffles that blow:
A parasol, dipping against the sun.
It is some one stout, and warm in her new white gloves.

My old green apron is smudged with the garden-mould.
My hands are the hands of a peasant-woman. My hair
Comes tumbling down into my eyes.

I wish I could lie down flat like a child
And hide in the grass, while she rings and rings,
And sticks her card under the door with a sigh,
And puffs away down the path.
I wish — but the parasol bobs,
And she bobs like a mandarin's lady,
Smiling and bridling and beckoning.

If I were a daffodil, in an apron of green and gold —

But there she stands on the path,
And her gloves are so new they squeak with newness and
stoutness,
And I know she will talk of the weather and stay an hour —

If I were a daffodil —
Or a little cool blinking bug
Down in the daffodil leaves —

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THE GREAT MAN

I CANNOT always feel his greatness.
Sometimes he walks beside me, step by step,
And paces slowly in the ways —
The simple, wingless ways

That my thought treads. He gossips with me then
And finds it good;
Not as an eagle might, his great wings folded, be content
To walk a little, knowing it his choice,
But as a simple man,
My friend.
And I forget.

Then suddenly a call floats down
From the clear airy spaces,
The great, keen lonely heights of being.
Then he who was my comrade hears the call
And rises from my side, and soars,
Deep-chanting to the heights.
Then I remember.
And my upward gaze goes with him, and I see
Far off against the sky
The glint of golden sunlight on his wings.

EUNICE TIETJENS

A WOMAN

SHE has an understanding with the years;
For always in her eyes there was light
As though she kept a secret none might guess —
Some confidence that Time had made her heart.

So calmly did she bear the weight of pain,
With such serenity accept the joy,
It seemed she had a mother love for life,
And all the days were children at her breast.

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

THE MOTHER IN THE HOUSE

FOR such as you, I do believe,
Spirits their softest carpets weave,
And spread them out with gracious hand
Wherever you walk, wherever you stand.

For such as you, of scent and dew
Spirits their rarest nectar brew,
And where you sit and where you sup
Pour beauty's elixir in your cup.

For all day long, like other folk,
You bear the burden, wear the yoke,
And yet when I look in your eyes at eve
You are lovelier than ever, I do believe.

HERMANN HAGEDORN

IN THE HOSPITAL

Because on the branch that is tapping my pane
A sun-wakened leaf-bud, uncurled,
Is bursting its rusty brown sheathing in twain;
I know there is Spring in the world.

Because through the sky-patch whose azure and white
My window frames all the day long
A yellow-bird dips in a billow of flight,
I know there is Song.

Because even here in this Mansion of Woe
Where creep the dull hours, leaden-shod,
Compassion and Tenderness aid me, I know
There is God.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

HOPE'S SONG

Silent is the dark
Before the sun-beams come,
Yet if it were not for the lark,
The dawn would be as dumb,

And thus my soul would be
As dark and still as night,
If 't were not for the minstrelsy
Of Hope that sings of Light.

FRANCIS CARLIN

DE GLORY ROAD

O de Glory Road! O de Glory Road!
I'm gwine ter drap mah load upon de Glory Road.

I lay on mah bed untell one erclock,
An' de Lawd come callin' all His faithful flock.
An' He call "Whoo-ee!", an' He call "Whoo-ee!"
An' I knowed dat de Sabior wuz ercallin' me.
An' He call "Whoo-ee!", an' He call "Whoo-ee!",
An' I cry, "Massa Jesus, is you callin' me?"
An' He call "Whoo-ee!", an' He call "Whoo-ee!",
An' I riz up f'um mah pallet, an' I cry, "Hyahs me!"

De Lawd sez, "Niggah, ain' I call yer thrice
Ter ride erlong behin' me up ter Paradise,
On de Glory Road, on de Glory Road?"
An' I clime up ter de saddle, an' I jined de load!

De hawse he wuz longer dan a thousan' mile';
His tail went lashin', an' his hoofs wuz wil';
His mane wuz flamin', an' his eyes wuz moons,
An' his mouth kep' singin' Halleluyah tunes!

De Lawd sez, "Niggah, why 'n' cher look erroun'?"
An' dar we wuz flyin' over risin' groun',
Powerful hills, an' mountains too,
An' de earth an' de people wuz drapt f'um view.

An' I hyahd all 'roun' me how de sperits sang,
An' de Lawd sang louder dan de whole shebang!

De Lawd sez, "Niggah, why 'n' cher look ergin?"
An' dar wuz de Debbil, on de back uv Sin,
A-bangin' on de critter wid his whip an' goad,
An' boun' he gwine ter kotch us, on de Glory Road!
"O Lawdy, it's de Debbil, comin' straight f'um Hell!
I kin tell him by his roarin', an' de brimstone smell!"
But de Lawd sez, "Niggah, he ain' kotch us yit!"
An' He lashed an' He hustled, an' He loosed de bit.
Den de Debbil crep' closuh, an' I hyahd him yell,
"I'm gwine ter kotch a niggah, fur ter roas' in Hell!"
An' I cried, "Lawd, sabe me!" An' de Lawd cry, "Sho!"
An' hyah it was Hebben, an' we shet de do'.

O Glory, Glory, how de angels sang!
O Glory, Glory, how de rafters rang!
An' Moses 'n' Aaron, an' Methusalum,
Dey shout an' dey holler, an' dey beat de drum.
King Solomon kissed me, an' his thousan' wives,
Jes' like dey'd knowed me, durin' all dey lives;
An' de Lawd sez, "Niggah, take a gran'-stan' seat.
But I 'specks youse hongry; have a bite ter eat?"
An' de ravens fed me, an' Elijah prayed,
An' de Sabed Ones gathered, while de organ played,
An' dey cry, "O sinnah, come an' lose yuh load
On de Glory Road, on de Glory Road,

An' come an' dwell in de Lawd's abode,
Glory, Glory, on de Glory Road!"

Sez de Lawd, "No, sinnah, you mus' trabbel back
Ter he'p po' niggahs up de Glory Track;
Ter he'p old mo'ners, an' de scoffin' coons,
By shoutin' loud Halleluyah tunes."

O come, mah breddren, won' you drap yuh load,
An' ride ter Hebben up de Glory Road?

CLEMENT WOOD

THE CONQUEROR

I HAVE no patience with the man who says,
"Another day is gone."
Give me the man who sings in thick of night,
"Soon will be dawn!"

I have no patience with the man who holds
Life as a beggar's tale,
Give me the man with iron will to climb
And courage not to fail.

He dies indeed who never sees the sun,
Nor hears the song of rain,
But his is immortality on earth,
Whose every loss is gain!

MORRIS ABEL BEER

STAR SONG

There are twisted roots that grow
Even from a fragile white anemone.
But a star has no roots: to and fro
It floats in the light of the sky, like a water-lily,
And fades on the blue flood of day.

A star has no roots to hold it,
No living lonely entity to lose.
Floods of dim radiance fold it;
Night and day their silent aura transfuse,
But no change a star can bruise.

A star is adrift and free.
When day comes, it floats into space and complies;
Like a spirit quietly,
Like a spirit, amazed in a wider paradise
At mortal tears and sighs.

Gladys Cromwell

THE MEETING

Three fir trees climbing against the sky,
A road that ran to the top of the world,
And a wind-drenched tumble of bending rye
To the flaming ramparts of morning hurled.

The waters hurrying down to the sea
  Met the wind and the world in flower,
And wind and waters made one in me,
  Kept in my heart an eternal hour.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

DOMINION

I WENT beneath the sunny sky
  When all things bowed to June's desire, —
The pansy with its steadfast eye,
  The blue shells on the lupin spire,

The swelling fruit along the boughs,
  The grass grown heady in the rain,
Dark roses fitted for the brows
  Of queens great kings have sung in vain;

My little cat with tiger bars,
  Bright claws all hidden in content;
Swift birds that flashed like darkling stars
  Across the cloudy continent;

The wiry-coated fellow curled
  Stump-tailed upon the sunny flags;
The bees that sacked a coloured world
  Of treasure for their honey-bags.

And all these things seemed very glad,
The sun, the flowers, the birds on wing,
The jolly beasts, the furry-clad
Fat bees, the fruit, and everything.

But gladder than them all was I,
Who, being man, might gather up
The joy of all beneath the sky,
And add their treasure to my cup,

And travel every shining way,
And laugh with God in God's delight,
Create a world for every day,
And store a dream for every night.

JOHN DRINKWATER

A PINCH OF SALT

WHEN a dream is born in you
With a sudden clamorous pain,
When you know the dream is true
And lovely, with no flaw nor strain,
O, then be careful, or with sudden clutch
You'll hurt the delicate thing you prize so much.

Dreams are like a bird that mocks,
Flirting the feathers of his tail.

When you seize at the salt-box
  Over the hedge you'll see him sail.
Old birds are neither caught with salt nor chaff:
They watch you from the apple bough and laugh.

Poet, never chase the dream.
  Laugh yourself and turn away.
Mask your hunger, let it seem
  Small matter if he come or stay;
But when he nestles in your hand at last,
Close up your fingers tight and hold him fast.

ROBERT GRAVES

AND TO SUCH AS PLAY ONLY THE BASS VIOL

COULD we but hear the music of the days,
As that unfinished symphony I heard last night,
And see life's laborers as those who played, —
Each taking his own part religiously,
Knowing that if he fails in but one note
The others can not make the perfect thing
Which He the great Composer has designed!
. . . . . .
I followed now this player and now that,
As each some clear-wrought melody led forth,
Speaking the theme for all the orchestra,
Which gave assent in changing harmonies;

Or watched this group now regnant and now that,
As when one party rising, dominant,
Bears bravely forward some great truth, and then
Another catches it and takes it on
Till all break forth in final plebiscite.
. . . . . .
But ever I came back to one who stood
Calm in the varying moods of sound which swept
Across the stage that was to me the State,
The World. — His instrument could never lead;
Its range was narrow; and, when played alone,
It had no voice to stir or satisfy:
Only with others had its strings the power
To vibrate in immortal minstrelsy.

JOHN FINLEY

EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI

FROM morn to midnight, all day through,
I laugh and play as others do,
I sin and chatter, just the same
As others with a different name.

And all year long upon the stage,
I dance and tumble and do rage
So vehemently, I scarcely see
The inner and eternal me.

I have a temple I do not
Visit, a Heart I have forgot,
A self that I have never met,
A secret shrine — and yet, and yet

This sanctuary of my soul
Unwitting I keep white and whole,
Unlatched and lit, if Thou should'st care
To enter or to tarry there.

With parted lips and outstretched hands
And listening ears Thy servant stands,
Call Thou early, call Thou late,
To Thy great service dedicate.

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

THE GIFTS OF PEACE

ALL day long the wind in the bending branches
Softly croons a chant for the silent sleepers,
Through the hours the birds in unceasing rapture
Echo the wind-song.

Tossing branches caught by the spars of sun-glow,
Framing bits of blue with their leafy meshes,
And upon the winds from the pine-tree's censer
Attars unloosened.

Far away the valley lies in a day-dream,
Warm and golden, swept by the clouds' swift shadows,
While the grasses like distant ocean billows
Drift in the sunshine.

Here is peace and loveliness ever mingled:
Organ music of winds and birds and branches,
And a brooding Presence that makes each moment
A benediction.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

PEACE

PEACE flows into me
  As the tide to the pool by the shore;
  It is mine forevermore,
It will not ebb like the sea.

I am the pool of blue
  That worships the vivid sky;
  My hopes were heaven-high,
They are all fulfilled in you.

I am the pool of gold
  When sunset burns and dies —
  You are my deepening skies;
Give me your stars to hold.

SARA TEASDALE

STANZAS FROM "VARIATIONS"

You are as beautiful as white clouds
Flowing among bright stars at night:
You are as beautiful as pale clouds
Which the moon sets alight.

You are as lovely as golden stars
Which white clouds try to brush away:
You are as bright as golden stars
When they come out to play.

You are as glittering as those stairs
Of stone down which the blue brooks run:
You are as shining as sea-waves
All hastening to the sun.

CONRAD AIKEN

TWILIGHT CONTENT

Is it the wind in trees or waters falling?
Is it the canyon-shadows rushing down
The ridgy slopes that seem so to be calling
My heart in twilit tenderness to drown?

Is it the canyon wren's diminuendo
That slips down a soft scale of minor peace?
Is it the spell of night's lone wide crescendo
Of mountain rest upon me — is it these?

Or but some sense of you I cannot measure?
Some memory of a wind of love that blew
Out of your heart to mine? Some darkling pleasure
In the first shade of grief I shared with you?

I cannot tell. I only know how surely
In you — and the world's beauty — I rejoice.
The wren is still: gone to her nest demurely.
The night has come — yet silence is your voice.

CALE YOUNG RICE

TO ONE WHO IS A VOICE

ONLY a voice — the wind among the leaves
  Shivered — a wistful, haunting melody
Under the lilacs where great drops of dew
  Mirrored the pale, star-dusty evening sky;
Was it the wind? Or was it only you,
  Dear distant friend, calling me from afar
Through the long leagues of dusk, remote and blue?
  Or was it just a star?

JAMES L. MCLANE, JR.

THE OLD WOMAN

As a white candle
  In a holy place,
So is the beauty
  Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance
  Of the winter sun,
So is a woman
  With her travail done,

Her brood gone from her,
  And her thoughts as still
As the waters
  Under a ruined mill.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL
(*Seosamh MacCathmhaoil*)

OUT OF THE DEEP

AT the hour when the stars from the eastern spaces are peering,
  I stood on the cliffs that look on the sea, and strode
Alone and laughing with pride in the squall's careering
  To feel my blood leap up at the tempest's goad.

At the base of the cliffs there was thunder of waves defeated;
  I measured the spaces of western sky whereon
A sunbeam flamed farewell as the sun retreated
  And over the waters its waning glory shone.

I leant by a rocky wall smooth-hewn and salted
  By the immemorial sprays of the endless tide,
Like a cross on the brink of a lonely pit, exalted
  I clasped all space as I held my arms out wide.

And my full heart beat with the heart of the world's wide bosom,
The sea's salt out of the sea my strong veins drew;
I felt my body within me grow quick and blossom
With seed of stars that the winnowing night let through.

I wanted to moan more loud than the ocean thunders,
To breathe out my being in air like the tempest wrack;
And, death o'er-leapt, feel the sacred ardour that sunders
The soul from self that again unto God goes back.

CHARLES GUÉRIN
(*Translated by Wilfred Thorley*)

THE JOURNEY

WHAT matter where the Apple grows?
True heroes never count the miles.
The journey leads to where it leads —
Sargasso or the Western Isles.

No one place holds the dreams of all.
Earth wears a multi-colored robe,
And there are new Hesperides
In every corner of the globe.

Some find the fruit like Hercules —
For such the moon and sun may stop;
Yet never doubt that Sisyphus
Achieved at last the mountain top.

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

LIVE THY LIFE

Live thy life gallantly and undismayed:
Whatever harms may hide within the shade,
Be thou of *fear*, my spirit! more afraid.

In earthly pathways evil springeth rife;
But dread not thou, too much, or pain or strife
That plunge thee to the greater depths of life!

What though the storm-cloud holds the bolt that sears?
The eagle of the crag, that nothing fears,
Still, still is young after an hundred years!

Florence Earle Coates

THE SUPERMAN

He will come;
I know not when, or how;
But he will walk breast-high with God, stepping among the stars.
Clothed in light and crowned with glory he will stride down the Milky Way,
Creating with a thought, building with a word.

A hundred million ages it may be until he comes; what does it matter?
Consider the deliberate stars — how eternity waits their fulfilments.

A hundred million ages, and yet, sometimes,
Here and now, in these small, primeval days — in this dull gloaming of creation's dawn —
Here and now, sometimes, there crackles out a tiny shimmering spark,
Some hint in our blind, protoplasmic lives,
Of that far, infinite torch
Whose ray shall one day touch the utmost reaches of space
Where life is born.

One that has made brotherhood with the eagle and the hawk;
One that has made voices speak across the emptiness;
One that has laid cheer and comfort to the tired heart —
These and a thousand others are the prophecy:
These tell of the day
When the poor expedient of birth and the sorry trouble of dying have been dismissed,
And all the sad adventures of the body are long forgot.
Walking as angels walk, but greater than the angels,
He that will come will know not space nor time, nor any limitation,
But will step across the sky, infinite, supreme — one with God.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

To face only the sky and forget the land,
Oh, to become a rider of the winds!

What a joy to find a greater song amid the clouds!

At eve,
By a grass-made hut,
The winds pass on,
Saying something to the rice-plant leaves.

I am knocking at the door of Life, —
Is nobody in?

The voice falls like a dream,
Across the light of forgetfulness.

Eternity rolled in love,
Bids the visible world to sing.

Is there anything new under the sun?
Certainly there is.
See how a bird flies, how flowers smile!

YONE NOGUCHI

A FLEMISH MADONNA

Here is no golden-crowned, celestial queen
Such as Angelico would fitly paint,
With pink-white cheek and haloed smile serene,
Enringed by many a cherub, many a saint.
This is a peasant woman worn by toil,
Her cheeks are hollow as with child-bed's trace;
A poor, plain creature of the common soil,
Yet wearing godhead on her earnest face.
Well have you wrought, good painter, that could show
So pure a spirit in so rude a shrine.
The dullest soul that looks on this will know
That motherhood has loveliness divine.
What greater power than this has brush or pen:
To bring the thought of God to simple men?

Charles Wharton Stork

BROTHERHOOD

If you want to find your brothers, find yourself . . .
You are not a person; you are a race . . .

What we see of you is a ray of light emanating from the hidden skies within you . . .
In those skies humanity dwells . . .
Enter them; find your brothers . . .

You shall find infinite love:
You shall be all you see:
Communion with the grass and the sea-waves shall be no harder
than with human beings . . .
St. Francis knew this: preaching to the birds.

Not alone in division of food and comfort,
Not alone in bare Justice (long needed, the unescapable duty of
our age)
Not in these only shall Brotherhood come . . .

No, not until you go the ancient way;
Way of Buddha, Jesus and Isaiah,
The long long journey farther than sun from earth,
(So near, such heavens away) to your own Soul,
Shall dawn benign Brotherhood.

JAMES OPPENHEIM

WHEN PETER JACKSON PREACHED IN THE OLD CHURCH

To be sung to the tune of the old Negro Spiritual,
"Every time I feel the spirit moving in my heart I'll pray"

PETER JACKSON was a-preaching
And the house was still as snow.
He whispered of repentance
And the lights were dim and low
And were almost out
When he gave the first shout:

"Arise, arise,
Cry out your eyes."
And we mourned all our terrible sins away.
Clean, clean away.
Then we marched around, around,
And sang with a wonderful sound: —
"Every time I feel the spirit moving in my
heart I'll pray.
Every time I feel the spirit moving in my
heart I'll pray."
And we fell by the altar
And fell by the aisle,
And found our Savior
In just a little while,
We all found Jesus at the break of the day,
We all found Jesus at the break of the day.
Blessed Jesus,
Blessed Jesus.

VACHEL LINDSAY

"AS WHEN SAINT FRANCIS WALKED THE WAYS OF EARTH"

As when Saint Francis walked the ways of earth
And preached the simple beauty of God's word,
Angel of Love to man and flower and bird
Alike, so to the long, self-fostered dearth

Within my spirit, from your soul to mine,
As the cool greenness in the heart of rain
Quenches the thirst of meadows parched with pain,
Came on strong wings of faith a breath divine.
Pilgrim of Beauty, I who sought alone
In the chill hearts of stars, and found not grace,
Knew at your word that I could still atone —
Beheld through crumbling mists of right and wrong,
Lifted before the Silence of His face,
The Grail of Beauty and the Wine of Song.

JAMES L. MCLANE, JR.

THE BIRDS

WITHIN mankind's duration, so they say,
Krephren and Ninus lived but yesterday.
Asia had no name till man was old
And long had learned the use of iron and gold;
And æons had passed, when the first corn was planted,
Since first the use of syllables was granted.

Men were on earth while climates slowly swung,
Fanning wide zones to heat and cold, and long
Subsidence turned great continents to sea,
And seas dried up, dried up interminably,
Age after age; enormous seas were dried
Amid wastes of land. And the last monsters died.

Earth wore another face. O since that prime
Man with how many works has sprinkled time!
Hammering, hewing, digging tunnels, roads;
Building ships, temples, multiform abodes.
How, for his body's appetites, his toils
Have conquered all earth's products, all her soils;
And in what thousand thousand shapes of art
He has tried to find a language for his heart!

Never at rest, never content or tired:
Insatiate wanderer, marvellously fired,
Most grandly piling and piling into the air
Stones that will topple or arch he knows not where.

And yet did I, this spring, think it more strange,
More grand, more full of awe, than all that change,
And lovely and sweet and touching unto tears,
That through man's chronicled and unchronicled years,
And even into that unguessable beyond
The water-hen has nested by a pond,
Weaving dry flags into a beaten floor,
The one sure product of her only lore.
Low on a ledge above the shadowed water
Then, when she heard no men, as nature taught her,
Plashing around with busy scarlet bill
She built that nest, her nest, and builds it still.

O let your strong imagination turn
The great wheel backward, until Troy unburn,
And then unbuild, and seven Troys below
Rise out of death, and dwindle, and outflow,
Till all have passed, and none has yet been there:
Back, ever back. Our birds still crossed the air;
Beyond our myriad changing generations
Still built, unchanged, their known inhabitations.
A million years before Atlantis was
Our lark sprang from some hollow in the grass,
Some old soft hoof-print in a tussock's shade;
And the wood-pigeon's smooth snow-white eggs were laid,
High amid green pine's sunset-coloured shafts,
And rooks their villages of twiggy rafts
Set on the tops of elms, where elms grew then,
And still the thumbling tit and perky wren
Popped through the tiny doors of cosy balls
And the blackbird lined with moss his high-built walls;
A round mud cottage held the thrush's young,
And straws from the untidy sparrow's hung.
And, skimming forktailed in the evening air,
When man first was were not the martens there?
Did not those birds some human shelter crave,
And stow beneath the cornice of his cave
Their dry tight cups of clay? And from each door
Peeped on a morning wiseheads three or four.

Yes, daw and owl, curlew and crested hern,
Kingfisher, mallard, water-rail and tern,
Chaffinch and greenfinch, wagtail, stonechat, ruff,
Pied warbler, robin, fly-catcher and chough,
Missel-thrush, magpie, sparrow-hawk and jay,
Built, those far ages gone, in this year's way.
And the first man who walked the cliffs of Rome,
As I this year, looked down and saw the same
Blotches of rusty red on ledge and cleft
With grey-green spots on them, while right and left
A dizzying tangle of gulls were floating and flying,
Wheeling and crossing and darting, crying and crying,
Circling and crying, over and over and over,
Crying with swoop and hover and fall and recover.
And below on a rock against the grey sea fretted,
Pipe-necked and stationary and silhouetted,
Cormorants stood in a wise, black, equal row
Above the nests and long blue eggs we know.

O delicate chain over all the ages stretched,
O dumb tradition from what far darkness fetched:
Each little architect with its one design
Perpetual, fixed and right in stuff and line,
Each little ministrant who knows one thing,
One learnèd rite to celebrate the spring.
Whatever alters else on sea and shore,
These are unchanging: man must still explore.

J. C. Squire

TO THE MODERN MAN

From mysteries of the Past
  The Future is prophesied.
The Actual comes and goes
  Like shadows on a tide.

Realities come and go
  Like shadows on a pool, —
The leaves are for the wise man,
  The shadows for the fool.

Out of the moment Now
  Rises the god To-Be,
The light upon his brow
  Is from eternity.

Leave dreaming to the fool
  And take things as they are;
All things are in yourself,
  Who stand upon a star

And look upon the stars,
  And yearn with deepening breath —
All things are in yourself —
  Love and Life and Death.

John Hall Wheelock

NEIGHBORS

Let me have faith, is what I pray,
  And let my faith be strong! —
But who am I, is what I say,
  To think my neighbor wrong?

And though my neighbor may deny
  True faith could be so slight,
May call me wrong, yet who am I
  To think my neighbor right?

We may discover by and by
  Making our wisdom double,
That he is right and so am I —
  And save a lot of trouble.

Witter Bynner

MAN-MAKING

We all are blind until we see
    That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making if
    It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
    If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the world, unless
    The builder also grows.

Edwin Markham

A MAN

(FOR MY FATHER)

I LISTENED to them talking, talking,
That tableful of keen and clever folk,
Sputtering . . . followed by a pale and balking
Sort of flash whenever some one spoke;
Like musty fireworks or a pointless joke,
Followed by a pointless, musty laughter. Then
Without a pause, the sputtering once again . . .
The air was thick with epigrams and smoke;
And underneath it all
It seemed that furtive things began to crawl,
Hissing and striking in the dark,
Aiming at no particular mark,
And careless whom they hurt.
The petty jealousies, the smiling hates
Shot forth their venom as they passed the plates,
And hissed and struck again, aroused, alert;
Using their feeble smartness as a screen
To shield their poisonous stabbing, to divert
From what was cowardly and black and mean.

Then I thought of you,
Your gentle soul,
Your large and quiet kindness;
Ready to caution and console,

And, with an almost blindness
To what was mean and low.
Baseness you never knew;
You could not think that falsehood was untrue,
Nor that deceit would ever dare betray you.
You even trusted treachery; and so,
Guileless, what guile or evil could dismay you?
You were for counsels rather than commands.
Your sweetness was your strength, your strength a sweetness
That drew all men, and made reluctant hands
Rest long upon your shoulder.
Firm, but never proud,
You walked your sixty years as through a crowd
Of friends who loved to feel your warmth, and who
Knowing that warmth, knew you.
Even the casual beholder
Could see your fresh and generous completeness,
Like dawn in a deep forest, growing and shining through.
Such faith has soothed and armed you. It has smiled
Frankly and unashamed at Death; and, like a child,
Swayed half by joy and half by reticence,
Walking beside its nurse, you walk with Life;
Protected by your smile and an immense
Security and simple confidence.

Hearing the talkers talk, I thought of you . . .
And it was like a great wind blowing

Over confused and poisonous places.
It was like sterile spaces
Crowded with birds and grasses, soaked clear through
With sunlight, quiet and vast and clean.
And it was forests growing,
And it was black things turning green.
And it was laughter on a thousand faces . . .
It was, like victory rising from defeat,
The world made well again and strong — and sweet.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IN MEMORY OF MY FRIEND JOYCE KILMER POET AND SOLDIER

I HEAR a thousand chimes,
I hear ten thousand chimes,
I hear a million chimes
In Heaven.
I see a thousand bells,
I see ten thousand bells,
I see a million bells
In Heaven.

Listen, friends and companions.
Through the deep heart,
Sweetly they toll.

I hear the chimes
Of tomorrow ring,
The azure bells
Of eternal love . . .
I see the chimes
Of tomorrow swing:
On unseen ropes
They gleam above.

Rejoice, friends and companions.
Through the deep heart
Sweetly they toll.

They shake the sky,
They blaze and sing.
They fill the air
Like larks a-wing,
Like storm-clouds
Turned to blue-bell flowers.
Like Spring gone mad,
Like stars in showers.

Join the song,
Friends and companions.
Through the deep heart
Sweetly they toll.

And some are near,
And touch my hand,
Small whispering blooms
From Beulah Land.
Giants afar
Still touch the sky,
Still give their giant
Battle-cry.

Join hands, friends and companions.
Through the deep heart
Sweetly they toll.

And every bell
Is voice and breath
Of a spirit
Who has conquered death,
In this great war
Has given all,
Like Kilmer
Heard the hero-call.

Join hands,
Poets,
Friends,
Companions.
Through the deep heart
Sweetly they toll!

VACHEL LINDSAY

AFTER GRIEVING

When I was young I was so sad!
I was so sad! I did not know
Why any living thing was glad
When one must some day sorrow so.
But now when grief has come to me
My heart is like a bird set free.

I always knew that it would come;
I always felt it waiting there;
Its shadow kept my glad voice dumb
And crushed my gay soul with despair.
But now that I have lived with grief
I feel an exquisite relief.

Athletes who know their proven strength,
Ships that have shamed the hurricane:
These are my brothers, and at length
I shall come back to joy again.
However hard my life may be
I know it shall not conquer me.

Aline Kilmer

TO THE LITTLE HOUSE

Dear little house, dear shabby street,
Dear books and beds and food to eat!
How feeble words are to express
The facets of your tenderness.

How white the sun comes through the pane!
In tinkling music drips the rain!
How burning bright the furnace glows!
What paths to shovel when it snows!

O dearly loved Long Island trains!
O well remembered joys and pains.
How near the housetops Beauty leans
Along that little street in Queens!

Let these poor rhymes abide for proof
Joy dwells beneath a humble roof;
Heaven is not built of country seats
But little queer suburban streets!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE SACRAMENT OF FIRE

KNEEL always when you light a fire!
Kneel reverently, and thankful be
For God's unfailing charity,
And on the ascending flame inspire
A little prayer, that shall upbear
The incense of your thankfulness
For this sweet grace
Of warmth and light!

For here again is sacrifice
For your delight.

Within the wood,
That lived a joyous life
Through sunny days and rainy days
And winter storms and strife; —
Within the peat,
That drank the sweet,
The moorland sweet
Of bracken, whin, and sweet bell-heather,
And knew the joy of gold gorse feather
Flaming like Love in wintriest weather, —
While snug below, in sun and snow,
It heard the beat of the padding feet
Of foal and dam, and ewe and lamb,
And the stamp of old bell-wether; —
Within the coal,
Where forests lie entombed, —
Oak, elm, and chestnut, beech, and red pine bole; —
God shrined His sunshine, and enwombed
For you these stores of light and heat,
Your life-joys to complete.
These all have died that you might live;
Yours now the high prerogative
To loose their long captivities,

And through these new activities
A wider life to give.
Kneel always when you light a fire!
Kneel reverently,
And grateful be
For God's unfailing charity!

JOHN OXENHAM

SONNET

LET me be glad, let me be glad; arise
My heart, and praise the Giver of good things.
His angel came, with healing on his wings,
He came and laid his hand upon my eyes,
And there was benediction in the skies,
And wondrous pharmacies in mountain springs,
And psalms of praise in all their murmurings,
And in the mountains help. Therefore arise
My heart, and praise the Lord of all delight;
The Lord of all delight who gave thee this,
The Lord who taught thee what His worship is;
And, when the magic hour has passed away,
Through the long watches of the silent night
Thou shalt remember what has been to-day.

SIR CECIL ARTHUR SPRING-RICE

A BIRTHNIGHT CANDLE

A CANDLE, waiter! Thank you. No, 't is not
To light a cigarette. I wish its flame
For better use. A little nearer, please,
For if the guests should see, they'd wonder — well,
But you do know that I have touched no wine
This hallowed night, this night the lad was born. —

The brilliant banquet-hall of myriad lamps
Will not deny me this one little blaze
From all its dazzling wealth to celebrate
His natal festival.

Do you perchance,
Not have this custom, *garçon*, in old France,
Of lighting candles on a birthday cake,
And quenching then each flame with some fond wish?
Well, I have said that whereso'er this night
O'ertook me exiled from his happy face,
I'd blow a candle out with such desire
As could have speech but in a lambent flame
Piercing the mystery of space about. —
The night has found me guest at this high feast,
Companioned of famed men, but with my thought
Ever of him and her who gave him birth.

And here's the candle! — For some holy rite
'T was doubtless fashioned, and by hands that moved
In rhythm with some sweet song, molding the wax
Distilled by bees that roamed through flowered fields
In drowsy summer afternoons, to store
The precious fires from out the skies, and then
To give them perfume of the fragrant earth.

There! It has gone, and never light since God
Divided day from dark has borne a prayer
More ardent than this wish for him whose name
I, bearing, vow anew to keep from stain.

. . . . . .

Put back the candle in its golden cup.
No, thank you, waiter; no liqueur for me.
But just a little coffee. Yes, two lumps.
(The smoke is getting in my eyes.)
That's all.

JOHN FINLEY

THE HOME-LAND

IT'S a certain voice, it's the sound
Of a bell in a distant tower,
It's sunlight on the ground
Through trees or after a shower,

It's a certain roof under a certain sky,
The fragrance of the path of a certain street,
A steeple with a farm kneeling nearby,
The feeling of the grass under the feet,
The flash of a look, the faltering of a hand,
A something from the past too quick to understand,
It's what one feels and cannot say
Even when one sings,
Though that's the nearest way —
It's all those things.

It's what one tastes and sees,
It's what one breathes and hears,
It's a smoke, it's melodies,
Bright leaves, a wind that veers,
The common sights and sounds,
Dogs barking, people greeting,
A mug of ale that pounds and pounds
A table at some meeting,
It's what one feels and cannot say
Even when one sings,
Though that's the nearest way —
It's all those things.

It's the body's very best,
It's the heart-beat in the side
For children at the breast,
It's remembering those who died,

It's the ardor of the way,
It's the savor of the song,
It's the dream, aching to stay,
And the passion, to belong,
The sower's will to reap,
The lover's will to keep,
It's what one feels and cannot say
Even when one sings,
Though that's the nearest way —
It's all those things.

WITTER BYNNER

(*From the French of Émile Cammaerts*)

NOSTALGIA

GIVE me my old coat again
That I have worn through many days of rain,
Whose hue is varied, ripened by the sun
To subtle patterns; give me one
Of my old books to read by firelight half asleep,
Whose effaced memories leave gaps of deep
Conjecture over thoughts that lie in rest
Beneath their placid linen. Let the blest
White hands of silence touch me, and the white
Cool hands of rivers soothing through the night
Into the hands of tranced sleepers — hands
Reminiscent, binding me with scented bands.

The wake of clouds shall touch me whose pale ships
Pass suavely over; let the whispering lips
Of twilight tell me of dead loves and legend glories,
And let these flames unscroll their golden stories
And fold them with the pinch of dusty fingers.
Ah, in this darkness many a sunset lingers,
And many a dream within this dozing,
Things slow revealed and dimly closing.
Give me my old town again
That I have watched through ghostly scarves of rain,
Through fringes of pale lights, and let me see
Her streets that wound into my brain so stealthily
That I hear yet the chant of them that roars
Along their blinded spectral corridors.
Give my old joy and wonder back again,
The adolescent loveliness of pain;
But let me touch them now, and know and bless
With this new love and dawning tenderness.

IRIS TREE

ALMS

I MET Poor Sorrow on the way
As I came down the years;
I gave him everything I had
And looked at him through tears.

"But Sorrow, give me here again
Some little sign to show;
For I have given all I own;
Yet have I far to go."

Then Sorrow charmed my eyes for me
And hallowed them thus far:
"Look deep enough in every dark,
And you shall see the star."

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

LYRICAL EPIGRAMS

MY little old dog:
A heart-beat
At my feet.

SPRING

A Winter wind,
Primroses,
And the new furrow.

FRIENDSHIP

The silence of midnight,
A dying fire,
And the best unsaid. . . .

EDITH WHARTON

DRIFTWOOD

Life gave me these —
The beauty that can only branch in trees
Who are content, knowing the roots' securities —
The strength to stand up straight and bear the wings
Of a brave ship on her adventurings —
The bitterness of being broken, being tossed
And driven on the waters and the winds and lost
In desolation, mist and stinging foam,
And being beaten back at last to home.

Now Love has kindled me —
Strange that my beauty of a dear, green tree
Should vanish into smoke and memory,
Strange that the strength, magnificently mine,
Should fall before the flame without a sign —
But oh most strange that bitterness should be
Drawn up in color after color out of me!

Winifred Welles

CANDLE-LIGHTING SONG

I have three candles in my room
Slender and long and white,
Their tips are buds of fire bloom
That blossom every night.

And one I light for memory,
All steady as a star;
And one burns clear for days to be,
And one for days that are.

I have three candles in my room
Slender and tall and fair;
And every one a fire bloom,
And every one a prayer.

ARTHUR KETCHUM

TO BROWNING, THE MUSIC MASTER

OH, I once was a lad
Of a single thought,
Melody-mad,
With ears for nought
But the miracles Bach and Beethoven wrought,
When suddenly you,
Out of the blue,
With your formal old master Galuppi, dropped,
And grim-eyed Hugues
Of the mountainous fugues,
And the rampired walls of the marvelous Abt, —
To build me, from Music's far-off strand,
A way to a humaner, dearer shore —
A bridge to poetry-land.

Then to my soul I swore:
'If poets may win such store
Of music's own highland air,
Yet abide in the common round,
Transmuting man's dusty ground
To gems for the world to wear —
Theirs too is a priceless art, —
Is a thing that I fain would share —
A thing that is near to my heart!"

Thus were a young soul's ears unstopped
By Galuppi and Hugues and the marvelous Abt,
Who bridged a way for ignorant feet
And parted wide for wondering eyes
The port of a second paradise;
Showing how right it is, and meet
That a Schubert's voice may never repeat,
With the self-same thought and the self-same beat,
Measures a Milton's lips have dropped; —
That music waxes where poesy wanes,
And, with thirsty lips to poesy's veins,
Grows by her want, by her wasting, gains.

For music, the protean, is this, and this:
The rainbow's shimmer of love's first bliss,
A despairing gesture, a dream-like whim,
The down on the plumes of the Cherubim,

The body of Ariel, lissom and fresh —
Too subtle for poesy's golden mesh —
An exquisite, evanescent shape
That "breaks through language" to escape
To the bourne of that country, brighter, vaster,
Where now you are singing, dear Music Master.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

MOONLIGHT IN THE BIRCH WOOD

ALONG the path where lights and shadows stream
The birches in their silver armour gleam —
Each tree as on parade, so straight and tall;
The moon with magic fire is prodigal,
And strangely unfamiliar all things grow.

Most spirit-like the wood is, with that shade
Of sadness — such as ever doth pervade
All loveliest things; while a soft purple haze
Lends mystery to little hidden ways
Portalled with laurel leaves that gleam like snow.

So deep it is, the stillness of the wood,
The soul in perfect peace may dream or brood
On all the fancies that could once beguile —
And slip again, beneath the moon's pale smile,
Into some faërie world of long ago.

ANTOINETTE DECOURSEY PATTERSON

"THE FAIRIES HAVE NEVER A PENNY TO SPEND"

The Fairies have never a penny to spend,
They have n't a thing put by,
But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower
And theirs are the earth and the sky.
And though you should live in a palace of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be poor as the fairies are,
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
They have sung their song through the centuries long
And yet it is never the same.
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
You could never be young as the fairies are,
And never as old.

Rose Fyleman

THE LOST PLAYMATE

All in the pleasant afternoon
I saw a pretty baby moon,
And oh, I loved her silver shine!
She was a little friend of mine.

Through rainy days and sunny weather
I thought we two should play together;
But, then, alas! I did not know
How fast a little moon can grow.

And now when I go out to play
I cannot find the moon all day;
But she has grown so big and bright,
They let her keep awake at night!

Though I may not sit up to see,
In bed she comes and shines at me;
But oh! I miss the little moon
Who played there in the afternoon.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

ALONE

WHITE daisies are down in the meadow,
And queer little beetles and things,
And sometimes nice rabbits and field-mice
And black-birds with red on their wings.

I want to explore all alone,
With nobody spying around,
All alone, all alone, all alone!
It has such a wonderful sound.

Just I on the dusty town road,
With my bank money safe in my purse.
Do you think I shall ever grow up?
Or shall I just always have nurse?

JOHN CHIPMAN FARRAR

THERE WAS A MOON, THERE WAS A STAR

THERE was a moon, there was a star,
There was a path, a wood,
A silent voice, a speechless word,
Well heard and understood.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

ALDEBARAN AT DUSK

THOU art the star for which all evening waits —
O star of peace, come tenderly and soon!
Nor heed the drowsy and enchanted moon,
Who dreams in silver at the eastern gates
Ere yet she brim with light the blue estates
Abandoned by the eagles of the noon.
But shine thou swiftly on the darkling dune
And woodlands where the twilight hesitates.

Above that wide and ruby lake to-West
Wherein the sunset waits reluctantly,
Stir silently the purple wings of Night.

She stands afar, upholding to her breast,
As mighty murmurs reach her from the sea,
Thy lone and everlasting rose of light.

GEORGE STERLING

A ROADSIDE SINGER

SOME who love song may only heed the lark;
They do not hark
The plaint of any less compelling flight
Within their sight, —
Yet weary ones, plodding along their way
Through the tired day,
Hear the near notes, and pause the while
To list, — and smile.

Some singers cannot soar to sunlit heights;
More lowly flights
Are theirs, — along the by-ways bringing
Joy by their singing.
Thus may my song not seek the distant sky
So far and high,
But rather keep the hedges quiet side
And there abide.

When tired mothers and children pass along,
Hearing my song,

May I, rejoicing, keep my humble flight, —
Not beyond sight,
But by the quiet roadside gladly dwelling,
My story telling
In happy song and trilling roundelay
To cheer the way.

So may I make the skies seem nearer, bluer;
Hearts lighter, truer, —
And all the pathway sweeter and less long,
Just for my song.

FREDERIC A. WHITING

THE LITTLE ROADS

THE great roads are all grown over
That seemed so firm and white.
The deep black forests have covered them.
How should I walk aright?
How should I thread these tangled mazes,
Or grope to that far off light?
I stumble round the thickets, and they turn me
Back to the thickets and the night.

Yet, sometimes, at a word, an elfin pass-word,
(O, thin, deep, sweet with beaded rain!)
There shines, through a mist of ragged-robins,
The old lost April-coloured lane,

That leads me from myself; for at a whisper,
  Where the strong limbs thrust in vain,
At a breath, if my heart help another heart,
  The path shines out for me again!

A thin thread, a rambling lane for lovers
  To the light of the world's one May,
Where the white dropping flakes may wet our faces
  As we lift them to the bloom-bowed spray:
O Master, shall we ask Thee, then, for high-roads,
  Or down upon our knees and pray
That Thou wilt ever lose us in Thy little lanes,
  And lead us by a wandering way.

ALFRED NOYES

INVOCATION

COMRADE of solitude, Spirit of Joy,
Making the dreamer a light-hearted boy;
Come to me often, dwell with me long,
Charm me with visions, cheer me with song!

Romp where the green-flowing meadows upfling
Billows a-flower with the foam of the spring!
Flit in the breath of the scent-laden air,
Blend with the manifold melody there!

Fill the sweet hush of the midsummer glade,
Pave all the ocean with turquoise and jade,
Breast the gray mountain close at my side,
Spread out the world for me wondrous and wide!

Deepen the splendor of leaves red and gold,
Pour all the treasure my bosom can hold!
Comfort me wistfully, tinge the soft west,
Show me that death's but a sinking to rest!

Spur me with winter, spare not the chill,
Sing in the blood though all else may be still.
Swathe in moon-magic the dream-world of snow!
Laugh o'er the logs while I bask in their glow!

Comrade of solitude, Spirit of Joy,
Make of me ever a glad-hearted boy!
Dwell in me, thrill in me all my life long,
Be thou the music and words of my song!

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD'S SONG

(THIRTEENTH CENTURY)

THE leaves, the little birds, and I,
The fleece clouds and the sweet, sweet sky,
The pages singing as they ride
Down there, down there where the river is wide —

Heigh-ho, what a day! What a lovely day!
Even too lovely to hop and play
With my sheep,
  Or sleep
In the sun!

And so I lie in the deep, deep grass
And watch the pages as they pass,
And sing to them as they to me
Till they turn the bend by the poplar tree.
And then — O then, I sing right on
To the leaves and the lambs and myself alone!
  For I think there must be
    Inside of me
      A bird!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

CHOPIN PRELUDE

HUSH! Did you hear
  The cry of a flute?
The fall of a fairy tear
  On a fairy lute?

Hush! Did you mark
  Like a leaping spray
The flash of a silver lark
  In the silver day?

Hush! Did you find —
  In the wood's deep dream —
The magic of all the wind
  By a magic stream?

Hush! Did you hear
  The cry of a flute!
The fall of a fairy tear
  On a fairy lute?

Hon. Eleanour Norton

"TELL ME YOUR DREAM"

How as a child I used to tease,
  "Tell me your dream — I will tell mine, too!"
They told me whatever they thought would please,
  And I waited to see the omen come true.
  My childhood fancy I still pursue,
Though in other wise, and on each I call
  "Tell me your dream!" . . . But your dream is *you:*
We are our dreams — and the Dream is all.

Do not deride me, do not deny,
  And point me not to the things you have *done,*
But tell me your dream! Have you held thereby —
  The clue that was with your destiny spun,

Walked with it ever, through shadow and sun?
Does the vision remain? — no ill shall befall;
Lost? — there is nothing worth while to be won!
We are our dreams — and the Dream is all.

Oh, why to memorial places repair,
Where the lamps in the shrines perpetually burn?
Your hero, your saint, or your sage is not *there:*
Born of his dream, his deeds can but earn
That unto a dream in the end they return!
For this, is the trophy, the wreath, on the wall;
And for this is your worship, that well ye may learn
We are our dreams — and the Dream is all.

L'ENVOI

Fathers of Men, ye will leave your heirs poor,
And the treasures ye heap shall be mean and small,
If nothing ye leave of the dreams that endure. . . .
We are our dreams — and the Dream is all.

EDITH M. THOMAS

IDYL

I KNOW a forest, stilly-deep,
As old as Age, as young as Youth, —

(Hush, God and it are fast asleep!)

There crystal rivers tell the truth
To asking trees,

And birds make musical bouquets,
Where shadows go their patterned ways.

From fingers of the breeze . . .

We'll hide us in the green-voiced dell
And waken God, and be made well —

(Oh, never tell, Oh, never tell . . .)

AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

THE GREAT DIVIDE

WHEN I drift out on the Silver Sea,
O may it be
A blue night
With a white moon
And a sprinkling of stars in the cedar tree;
And the silence of God,
And the low call
Of a lone bird, —
When I drift out on the Silver Sea.

LEW SARETT

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine and fifty swans.

The nineteenth Autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold,
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;

Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

And now they drift on the still water
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes, when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

THE SUN-WORSHIPERS

THE trail is high whereon we ride, with all the world below to see,
The cleft of canyon, sweep of range and winter-white of lonely peak;
Lean foothold on the mountain-side, and on, beyond, The Mystery,
The unattained, the hidden land we may not find, but ever seek.

Content were vain. Our discontent, divine, forever urges on
Through stress and danger, scorned or shared, though journey's end be never won:
Say you our days are vainly spent whose eyes have looked upon the dawn
From high Chilao's morning crest, and bathed our faces in the Sun?

We worship not what men have made: no thing so small is our desire.
The little words of men that die, the little thoughts of men that dream,
Shall perish in their utterance: and build for these an altar fire?
Our creed is written in the sky, our song in the eternal stream.

We journey on from star to star, nor shall we find a dwelling-place,
Nor yet implore surcease from toil: to be and to adore, is all:
Beholding dimly from afar the glory of the Hidden Face,
Our worship ever our reward, the quest our golden coronal.

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

TRAVEL

THE railroad track is miles away,
And the day is loud with voices speaking,
Yet there is n't a train goes by all day
But I hear its whistle shrieking.

All night there is n't a train goes by,
Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,
But I see its cinders red on the sky,
And hear its engine steaming.

My heart is warm with the friends I make,
And better friends I'll not be knowing,
Yet there is n't a train I would n't take,
No matter where it's going.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

JOHNNY APPLESEED

WHEN the air of October is sweet and cold as the wine of apples
Hanging ungathered in frosted orchards along the Grand River,
I take the road that winds by the resting fields and wander
From Eastmanville to Nunica down to the Villa Crossing.

I look for old men to talk with, men as old as the orchards,
Men to tell me of ancient days, of those who built and planted,
Lichen gray, branch broken, bent and sighing,
Hobbling for warmth in the sun and for places to sit and smoke.

For there is a legend here, a tale of the croaking old ones
That Johnny Appleseed came here, planted some orchards
around here,
When nothing was here but the pine trees, oaks and the beeches,
And nothing was here but the marshes, lake and the river.

Peter Van Zylen is ninety and this he tells me:
My father talked with Johnny Appleseed there on the hill-side,
There by the road on the way to Fruitport, saw him
Clearing pines and oaks for a place for an apple orchard.

Peter Van Zylen says: He got that name from the people
For carrying apple-seed with him and planting orchards
All the way from Ohio, through Indiana across here,
Planting orchards, they say, as far as Illinois.

Johnny Appleseed said, so my father told me:
I go to a place forgotten, the orchards will thrive and be here
For children to come, who will gather and eat hereafter.
And few will know who planted, and none will understand.

I laugh, said Johnny Appleseed: Some fellow buys this timber
Five years, perhaps from to-day, begins to clear for barley.
And here in the midst of the timber is hidden an apple orchard.
How did it come here? Lord! Who was it here before me?

Yes, I was here before him, to make these places of worship,
Labor and laughter and gain in the late October.
Why did I do it, eh? Some folks say I am crazy.
Where do my labors end? Far west, God only knows!

Said Johnny Appleseed there on the hill-side: Listen!
Beware the deceit of nurseries, sellers of seeds of the apple.
Think! You labor for years in trees not worth the raising.
You planted what you knew not, bitter or sour for sweet.

No luck more bitter than poor seed, but one as bitter:
The planting of perfect seed in soil that feeds and fails,
Nourishes for a little, and then goes spent forever.
Look to your seed, he said, and remember the soil.

And after that is the fight: the foe curled up at the root,
The scale that crumples and deadens, the moth in the blossoms
Becoming a life that coils at the core of a thing of beauty:
You bite your apple, a worm is crushed on your tongue!

And it's every bit the truth, said Peter Van Zylen.
So many things love an apple as well as ourselves.
A man must fight for the thing he loves, to possess it:
Apples, freedom, heaven, said Peter Van Zylen.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

THE OULD APPLE WOMAN

WITH her basket of apples comes Nora McHugh,
Wid her candies an' cakes an' wan thing an' another,
But the best thing she brings to commind her to you
Is the smile in her eyes that no throuble can smother.
An' the wit that's at home on the tip of her tongue
Has a freshness unknown to her candy and cake;
Though her wares had been stale since ould Nora was young,
There is little complaint you'd be carin' to make.
Well I mind, on a day, I complained of a worm
That I found in an apple, near bitten in two,
"But suppose ye had bit it, an' where'd be the harm?
For, shure, this is n't Friday," said Nora McHugh.

O Nora McHugh, you've the blarneyin' twist in you,
Where is the anger could drame o' resistin' you?
Faix, we'll be sp'ilin' you,

Blind to the guile in you,
While there's a smile in you,
Nora McHugh.

It was Mistress De Vere, that's so proud of her name,
Fell to boastin' wan day of her kin in the peerage —
Though there's some o' thim same, years ago whin they came
To this glorious land, was contint wid the steerage —
An' she bragged of her ancistry, Norman an' Dane,
An' the like furrin ancients that's thought to be swell.
"Now, I hope," said ould Nora, "ye'll not think me vain,
Fur it's little I care fur ancistry mesel';
But wid all o' your pedigree, ma'am, I believe
'T is mesel' can go back a bit further than you,
Fur in me you perceive a descindant of Eve,
The first apple woman," said Nora McHugh.

O Nora McHugh, sich owdacious frivolity!
How can you dare to be jokin' the quality?
Still, we'll be sp'ilin' you,
Blind to the guile in you,
While there's a smile in you,
Nora McHugh.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY

MISS LOO

When thin-strewn memory I look through,
I see most clearly poor Miss Loo,
Her tabby cat, her cage of birds,
Her nose, her hair, her muffled words,
And how she would open her green eyes,
As if in some immense surprise,
Whenever as we sat at tea
She made some small remark to me.

'T is always drowsy summer when
From out the past she comes again;
The westering sunshine in a pool
Floats in her parlour still and cool;
While the slim bird its lean wires shakes,
As into piercing song it breaks;
Till Peter's pale-green eyes ajar
Dream, wake; wake, dream, in one brief bar.
And I am sitting, dull and shy,
And she with gaze of vacancy,

And large hands folded on the tray,
Musing the afternoon away;
Her satin bosom heaving slow
With sighs that softly ebb and flow.
And her plain face in such dismay,
It seems unkind to look her way:

Until all cheerful back will come
Her gentle gleaming spirit home:
And one would think that poor Miss Loo
Asked nothing else, if she had you.

WALTER DE LA MARE

"MY LIPS WOULD SING—"

My lips would sing a song for you, a soulful little song for you,
A plaintive little song for you, upon a summer's day;
But for the very life of me, the merry, merry life of me,
The laughter-loving life of me, I cannot but be gay.

For oh, the sun is shining, Dear, and who could be repining, Dear,
And who would be unhappy, Dear, when all the world is young?
So I will hum a melody, a mirthful little melody,
A joyous little melody that never yet was sung.

And you shall hear of Fairyland, of Kings and Queens of Fairyland,
Of men and maids of Fairyland, and Love shall be the theme,
And straight before your brimming eyes, a golden glint of Paradise
Shall steal, My Dear, to still your sighs, and give you back your dream.

And you will taste of happiness, a tiny bit of happiness,
A wistful bit of happiness, upon a summer's day;
And just a little smile from you, a sunny little smile from you,
A trembly little smile from you shall be a poet's pay!

EDMUND LEAMY

MY LIFE IS A BOWL

MY life is a bowl which is mine to brim
With loveliness old and new,
So I fill its clay from stem to rim
With you, Dear Heart, with you!

My life is a pool so small it can hold
But a star and a patch of blue,
But the blue and the little lamp of gold
Are you, Dear Heart, are you!

My life is a homing bird that flies,
Through the starry dusk and dew,
Home to the heaven of your true eyes,
Home, Dear Heart, to you!

MAY RILEY SMITH

THE HOMING HEART

EACH day, dear love, my road leads far
From where you, home-contented, are.
My mood is kin to that unrest
Which sends the wild bird from its nest.

But tho' I have a roaming heart,
God gave me too a homing heart, —
How swift at dusk my paths run to
The lights of home, the arms of you!

DANIEL HENDERSON

THE STIRRUP-CUP

YOUR eyes — and a thousand stars
Leap from the night to aid me;
I scale the impossible bars,
I laugh at a world that dismayed me.

Your voice — and the thundering skies
Tremble and cease to appall me —
Coward no longer, I rise
Spurred for what battles may call me.

Your eyes — and my purpose grows strong;
Your lips — and high passions complete me . . .
For your love, it is armor and Song —
And where is the thing to defeat me!

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

OBLIGATION

HOLD your apron wide
That I may pour gifts into it,
So that scarcely shall your two arms hinder them
From falling to the ground.

I would pour them upon you
And cover you,
For greatly do I feel this need
Of giving you something,
Even these poor things.

Dearest of my Heart!

AMY LOWELL

RANK

LOVE is no advocate of caste —
No pompous prime, no royal drone,
Whose heart is fettered to a past,
Whose soul is not his own.

Love is a freeman, bent on bliss,
Who scatters incense where he goes
And bids the peasant sunbeams kiss
Alike the weed and rose.

RALPH M. THOMPSON

ANGELINE

THAT Angeline
Should have been overlooked,
Among the hurrying throng
Of doctors and nurses,

Of patients and orderlies,
Is not strange.
So dark she is,
So meek,
So occupied with mop and suds,
So zealous that the ever-passing feet
Have spotless floors
To tread upon.

Her Gift
Might have gone unnoticed
But for the Boys.
The very mention of it
Embarrassed her.
She stood,
Twirling her apron,
Her head bowed,
Smiling
With teeth agleam,
Her great, soft, upturned eyes
Heavy with tears.

"Ho, it's a lil thing
I'ze doin',
Fo' dem as done so much,
A mighty lil thing.
'Caze dey's jes' me an' lil Sue,
Mah sistah's chile,

Mah po' sistah, wat died wid de flu.
So I sez to mase'f:
'Looka hyah, Angeline,
Is yo' all gwine set back
Doin' nuffin' fo' de Boys
Jes' 'caze yo' cain't tek 'em
Out ridin' in limmyzines,
Lak de rich folks?'

"An' mase'f answer back:
' 'Corse yo' ain't!
Wat about dat passel o' pullets,
Yo' all done got?
Dey's layin' fit to kill, ain't dey?
De good Lawd mek yo' stewa'd
O' dem pullets,
An' dem aigs too.'
Dat po' sick chile
In room sebenty-fo' say dis mawnin':
'Angeline, dem aigs so fresh,
Yo' kin mos' hyah de hens cacklin'!'

"A Sunday ah done mek
Chicken fry fo' de boy in sebenty-seben.
Eat!
Lan' sakes! eat lak a harves' han'.
It's mighty lil —
Wat's dat — 'widow's mite'?

No, sah,
You'ze 'staken.
I'ze a maiden lady!"

So mellow was Angeline's laugh,
So full of good-will,
It must have quickened the heart
Of every "po' sick chile"
Along the dim corridor.
I looked back,
At the turning.
Again her industrious mop
Was plying,
Mop and suds,
Busily plying.

HARRY LEE

A SONG

FOR Mercy, Courage, Kindness, Mirth,
  There is no measure upon earth.
Nay, they wither, root and stem,
  If an end be set for them.

Overbrim and overflow,
  If your own heart you would know;
For the spirit born to bless
  Lives but in its own excess.

LAURENCE BINYON

MERCHANTMEN

All honour be to merchantmen,
And ships of all degree
In warlike dangers manifold
Who sail and keep the sea, —
In peril of unlitten coast
And death-besprinkled foam,
Who daily dare a hundred deaths
To bring their cargoes home.

A liner out of Liverpool — a tanker from the Clyde —
A hard-run tramp from anywhere — a tug from Merseyside —
A cattle-boat from Birkenhead — a coaler from the Tyne —
All honour be to merchantmen while any star shall shine!

All honour be to merchantmen,
And ships both great and small,
The swift and strong to run their race,
And smite their foes withal;
The little ships that sink or swim,
And pay the pirates' toll,
Unarmoured save by valiant hearts
And strong in nought but soul.

All honour be to merchantmen
So long as tides shall run,

Who gave the seas their glorious dead
From rise to set of sun, —
All honour be to merchantmen,
While England's name shall stand,
Who sailed and fought, and dared and died,
And served and saved their land.

A sailing ship from Liverpool — a tanker from the Clyde —
A schooner from the West countrie — a tug from Merseyside —
A fishing smack from Grimsby town — a coaler from the Tyne —
All honour be to merchantmen while sun and moon do shine!

C. Fox Smith

THREE SWORDS

Three blades from out the smithy fire
He drew, and forged with starry blows.
Beyond his door the skies of God
Bloomed like an unplucked rose.

"Three swords," he said, "I make for you,
O little Knight of Love and Youth!
One blade is Knowledge, one is Faith,
And one is Hope, forsooth!"

I was so young; and life, a rose
That bloomed beyond the smithy door —
"Give me the first," I cried, and rode
Out like a knight to war!

Another year I came again —
  His forge was like a rose agleam.
"Give me the second sword," I said,
  "That I may fight — and dream."

The second sword lay in my hand,
  I rode once more, as knights must do,
But all my casque was wet with tears,
  And my heart's blood trickled through.

Then came I back along the road,
  Thrice-ridden, till I saw his fire
Glow redly through the bitter dusk
  Like a flower of desire.

"The third!" I gasped. "Give me the third,
  The last sword, that I fight and die!"
Then turned again, and lo, I saw
  A dust of roses through the sky!

DANA BURNET

HOPE

WHEN I was a little boy,
I followed hope and slighted joy.
Now my wit has larger scope,
I clutch at joy and heed not hope.

At least that doctrine I profess,
For there I know lies happiness;
But hope, for all the shifts I try,
Will be my sovereign till I die.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THE FLOWER FACTORY

LISABETTA, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one,
Little children who have never learned to play;
Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache to-day;
Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray.
High above the clattering street, ambulance and fire-gong beat,
They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They have never seen a rosebush nor a dewdrop in the sun.
They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina, Fiametta,
Of a Black Hand and a face behind a grating;
They will dream of cotton petals, endless, crimson, suffocating,
Never of a wild-rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket,
But the ambulance will bellow through the wanness of their dreams,
And their tired lids will flutter with the street's hysteric screams.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one.
Let them have a long, long playtime, Lord of Toil, when
toil is done,
Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun!

FLORENCE WILKINSON EVANS

AFTER

AFTER the darkness, dawning
And stir of the rested wing.
Fresh fragrance from the meadow,
Fresh hope in everything!

After the winter, springtime
And dreams that flowerlike throng;
After the tempest, silence;
After the silence, song!

After the heat of anger,
Love that all life enwraps;
After the stress of battle,
The trumpet sounding "taps";

After despair and doubting,
A faith without alloy;
God here and over yonder, —
The end of all things Joy!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THE HEART'S QUESTION

Is it such a little thing
To find a wind-flower
Twinkling in the wild-wood
Hour after hour,
Dancing to the wind's pipe
With a happy nod?
Is it such a little thing?
I think it is God.

Is it such a little thing
To find the young moon
Flitting thro the tree boughs
In her silver shoon,
Seeking for the wind-flower
There along the sod?
Is it such a little thing?
I think it is God.

Is it such a little thing
To find in your face
Something of the wind-flower
And young moon's grace?
Something of the wild-wood,
Ever faery-trod?
Is it such a little thing?
I think it is God.

CALE YOUNG RICE

It was nothing but a little neglected garden,
Laurel-screened, and hushed in a hot stillness;
An old pear-tree, and flowers mingled with weeds.
Yet as I came to it all unawares, it seemed
Charged with mystery; and I stopped, intruding,
Fearful of hurting that so absorbed stillness.
For I was tingling with the wind's salty splendor,
And still my senses moved with the keel's buoyance
Out on the water, where strong light was shivered
Into a dance dazzling as drops of flame.
The rocking radiance and the winged sail's lifting
And the noise of the rush of the water left behind
Sang to my body of movement, victory, joy.
But here the light was asleep, and green, green
In a veined leaf it glowed among the shadows.
A hollyhock rose to the sun and bathed its flowers
Luminously clustered in the unmoving air;
A butterfly lazily winked its gorgeous wings;
Marigolds burned intently amid the grass;
The ripening pears hung each with a rounded shadow:
All beyond was drowned in the indolent blueness,
And at my feet, like a word of an unknown tongue,
Was the midnight-dark bloom of the delicate pansy.
Suddenly these things awed my heart, as if here
In perishing blossom and springing shoot were a power
Greater than shipwrecking winds and all wild waters.

Laurence Binyon

THE OLD HOUSE

O KINDLY house, where time my soul endows
With courage, hope, and patience manifold,
How shall my debt of love to thee be told,
Since first I heard the sweet-voiced robins rouse
The morn among thy ancient apple-boughs?
Here was I nourished on the truths of old,
Here taught against new times to make me bold,
Memory and hope the door-posts, O dear house!

Heaven's blessing rested on thy dark-gray roof,
And clasped thy children, age to lapsing age,
Birth and the grave thy tale till time's release;
Poverty did not hold from thee aloof;
Of lowly good thou wast the hermitage;
Now falls the evening light. God give thee peace!

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

ON GROWING OLD

BE with me Beauty for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving,
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves; minute by minute,
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your cornland, nor your hill-land nor your valleys
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where the young knight the broken squadron rallies.

Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity, for the strong have power,
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
Summer of man its sunlight and its flower,
Spring time of man all April in a face.

Only as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is loud
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,

So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.

Give me but these, and though the darkness close
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

JOHN MASEFIELD

THE PHILOSOPHER

I saw him sitting in his door
  Trembling as old men do;
His house was old, his barn was old,
  And yet his eyes seemed new.

His eyes had seen three times my years
  And kept a twinkle still
Though they had looked at birth and death
  And three graves on a hill.

"I will sit down with you," I said,
  "And you will make me wise;
Tell me how you have kept the joy
  Still burning in your eyes."

Then like an old-time orator
  Impressively he rose;
"I make the most of all that comes
  And the least of all that goes" —

The jingling rhythm of his words
  Echoed as old songs do, —
Yet this had kept his eyes alight
  Till he was ninety-two.

SARA TEASDALE

"No, Mis' Talbot, I'm not going to church.
I never thought I'd be a backslider,
But I've come to it at last. The new preacher
Has upset all my ideas of religion,
For he don't believe the Bible is true, —
Leastwise only in parts. To his thinking,
Adam and Jonah never were alive:
They are just story-book folks. I heard that
And did n't flinch, for Adam don't mean much
To a Methodist who can't believe
In John Calvin and predestination.
Besides, Adam always seemed to me weakly
In his mind. I'm not a voting female
Champing for women to do everything,
But I do think Eve was an improvement on Adam.

"Now about old Jonah:
I always took him with a 'grain of salt.'
He must have been shiftless and careless;
I never could abide a lazy man.
I think we ought to raise our own gourd vines
To keep the sun from giving us sunstroke,
And not lay too much on the Lord's shoulders.
I stood the preacher's talk until he killed Job;
Then I rose right up in meeting and said:
'No, you cannot take Job away from me.

He was a perfect and an upright man,
And he has been my good friend all my life.'

"I can see him just as plain as can be
Bearing the scourges of the Almighty
With fortitude, and I know how he felt
When God spoke to him out of the whirlwind.
Job has been the friend of so many folks
I wonder even the new minister
Dares to say a word against him, and tell
This generation that he never lived.
He is more alive than some men I know
Breathing on earth today.

"So now you see
Why I'm not going to church any more.
I'll sit here under the Sweet Locust tree
While you're gone, and read a chapter or two, —
Perhaps the thirty-eighth chapter of Job,
That tells of the morning stars singing
Together with the Sons of God for joy,
And of the 'understanding of the heart,'
For all the people who ever did any good
In this world understood things with the heart, —
And the world won't be much different
In that. I fancy the new minister
Has n't found his heart yet. After he's lived
And suffered, he'll take Job out of his grave

And find he is alive, and a friend,
And say with him in humbleness of mind:
'I have uttered that I understood not,'
And find in the end Job's peace and Job's blessings."

JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER

THE HILL-BORN

You who are born of the hills,
Hill-bred, lover of hills,
Though the world may not treat you aright,
Though your soul be aweary with ills:
This will you know above other men,
In the hills you will find your peace again.

You who were nursed on the heights,
Hill-bred, lover of skies,
Though your love and your hope and your heart,
Though your trust be hurt till it dies:
This will you know above other men,
In the hills you will find your faith again.

You who are brave from the winds,
Hill-bred, lover of winds,
Though the God whom you know seems dim,
Seems lost in a mist that blinds:
This will you know above other men,
In the hills you will find your God again.

MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

A HILLSIDE FARMER

Dawn — and the mist across the silent lane;
Each day its little round of petty tasks.
"Are you not very lonely?" someone asks,
"Here where the old folks stay, and no one new
Comes in to start a farm? You should go, too;
Valleys grow better grain."

This may seem still and lonely, but for me
Hill-tops are wider than the open land.
Maybe you never could quite understand
How dear it is to me — this loneliness.
You think the hills are narrowing, I guess;
But, oh, how far we see!

John Chipman Farrar

REFUGE

When stars ride in on the wings of dusk,
Out on the silent plain,
After the fevered fret of day,
I find my strength again.

Under the million friendly eyes
That smile in the lonely night,
Close to the rolling prairie's heart,
I find my heart for the fight.

Out where the cool long winds blow free,
I fling myself on the sod;
And there in the tranquil solitude
I find my soul, — and God.

LEW SARETT

THE STORM

THE wind was a crowd,
Wet birds were the skies,
I marched laughing aloud
With the storm in my eyes.

Part beast and part bird,
A waif of the plain,
My laughter was heard
With the voice of the rain.

I thought I remembered
A night long ago
When our hoofs beat the sod
And we rushed to and fro,

Our flanks steaming hot,
Rain-driven and warm!
I had almost forgot
Till I ran with the storm.

I thought I remembered
  Black roads to a star,
When the wind in our pinions
  Beat us up and afar.

How shrill were our cries,
  As we flew from the plain!
Oh, that road to the skies,
  Beaten up by the rain!

The flails of the storm
  Beat my soul from its mesh.
It paled like a mist,
  Driven out of the flesh.

It flew through the night
  To my mother's warm hand,
But I — I was abroad
  With the wind and the sand.

Unhuman and strange,
  'Twixt the rain and the stone,
I must flutter and range
  Through the dark all alone!

The darkness,
The wetness,
The sleekness,
The fatness

Of shapes in the tempest
Submerged, with no name,
As with laughter and shout
And a clapping of hands
I danced in and out
Or clove in the sands.
As straight as the lightning
I struck and I came —
The storm was the thunder,
And I was the flame.

It was thus that I ran
To the House on the Hill,
When the voice of love
Bade the tempest be still.

Then I gathered me back
From the rain and the sand
To the soul held so close
In my mother's warm hand.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

WIND-IN-THE-HAIR AND RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

WIND-IN-THE-HAIR and Rain-in-the-face
Are friends worth the having, and yours at command;
For many's the hour and many's the place
We've frolicked together on ocean or land.

They'll brighten the darks of your gloomiest mood!
They'll strengthen your heart with their boisterous play,
They'll buffet your anger until it's subdued,
They'll sport with your sorrow and whisk it away.

Don't clutch in your curls with that grasp of despair!
A tear on the cheek is a drop out of place!
"I'll rumple your tresses!" roars Wind-in-the-hair.
"Let me do your crying!" trills Rain-in-the-face.

No seven-league boots like a pair of old shoes,
No wish-cloak that equals a rain-beaded coat,
To take you away from the Realm of the Blues,
To give you the will that grips Care by the throat!

How petty our griefs under God's open sky!
How often but ghosts of a conjuring brain!
How quickly they dwindle, how lightly they fly,
When winnowed and washed by the wind and the rain!

Then, on with your shabbiest, hardiest wear!
(The kind that the women-folk term "a disgrace!")
And swing down the highway with Wind-in-the-hair,
Or splash through the puddles with Rain-in-the-face!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE PUDDLE

I CURSED the puddle when I found
Unseeing I had walked therein,
Forgetting the uneven ground,
Because my eyes
Were on the skies,
To glean their glory and to win
The sunset's trembling ecstasies.

And then I marked the puddle's face,
When still and quiet grown again,
Was but concerned, as I, to trace
The wonder spread
Above its head,
And mark and mirror and contain
The gold and purple, rose and red.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

AUTUMN

Now, like a rough buffet in my face,
The first breeze of Autumn,
Burlily swaggering through the blistered streets,
Lashes my summer-drugged spirit.

From the chill far hills it comes,
Brusquely jostling down the fruit in the orchards,

Clawing the gay-colored leaves from the trees,
Until their thin corpses litter the ground,
And crying to the spirits of men:
"Ho, away with you!
Skulk to your dim houses,
Cower from your frosty master!
I and my brother, Winter, proscribe you!
We will chill with our icy touch
The gay glow of your hearts,
We will strip bare the foliage of your souls."

Ah, breeze of Autumn,
You are no conqueror to me,
But brother of my spirit.
Your rough handshake bugles up my laggard self.
Though you bluster with your chill blast
I will roar you back from my loved ways.
Your tempest heartens my soul
For the keen struggle remaining,
And the glad, hard road.

CLEMENT WOOD

SEASONS

THE night leans dumb above the frozen fields.
High overhead, bare treetops interlacing,
Write on the sky, their ancient secrets tracing.

Where are the seasons gone? Old autumn leaves
Fly on the wind, and now in wild December
Soar like the birds who love and spring remember.

White stars drop petals from their deathless bloom
Down on the ice-black pools. The moonlight, kneeling,
With silvery hands the wounded earth is healing.

O blessed spell that brings the May once more!
Warm Beauty on the world her web is flinging,
And Memory turns and beckons to me singing.

GRETCHEN O. WARREN

FAITH

IF on this night of still, white cold,
I can remember May,
New green of tree and underbrush,
A hillside orchard's mounting flush,
The scent of earth and noon's blue hush,
A robin's jaunty way;

If on this night of bitter frost,
I know such things can be,
That lovely May is true — ah, well,
I shall believe the tales men tell,
Wonders of bliss and asphodel,
And immortality.

HORTENSE FLEXNER

IMMORTALITY

Battles nor songs can from oblivion save,
But Fame upon a white deed loves to build;
From out that cup of water Sidney gave,
Not one drop has been spilled.

Lizette Woodworth Reese

WINTER

Green Mistletoe!
Oh, I remember now
A dell of snow,
Frost on the bough;
None there but I:
Snow, snow, and a wintry sky.

None there but I,
And footprints one by one,
Zigzaggedly,
Where I had run;
Where shrill and powdery
A robin sat in the tree.

And he whistled sweet;
And I in the crusted snow

With snow-clubbed feet
Jigged to and fro,
Till, from the day,
The rose-light ebbed away.

And the robin flew
Into the air, the air,
The white mist through;
And small and rare
The night-frost fell
In the calm and misty dell.

And the dusk gathered low,
And the silver moon and stars
On the frozen snow
Drew taper bars,
Kindled winking fires
In the hooded briers.

And the sprawling Bear
Growled deep in the sky;
And Orion's hair
Streamed sparkling by:
But the North sighed low,
"Snow, snow, more snow!"

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE ONSET

Always the same when on a fated night
At last the gathered snow lets down as white
  As maybe in dark woods and with a song
  It shall not make again all winter long
Of hissing on the yet uncovered ground,
I almost stumble looking up and round,
  As one who overtaken by the end
  Gives up his errand and lets death descend
Upon him where he is, with nothing done
To evil, no important triumph won
More than if life had never been begun.

Yet all the precedent is on my side:
I know that winter death has never tried
  The earth but it has failed: the snow may heap
  In long storms an undrifted four feet deep
As measured against maple, birch, and oak;
It cannot check the Peeper's silver croak;
  And I shall see the snow all go down hill
  In water of a slender April rill
That flashes tail through last year's withered brake
And dead weeds like a disappearing snake.
  Nothing will be left white but here a birch
  And there a clump of houses with a church.

Robert Frost

SNOW DUST

THE way a crow
  Shook down on me
The dust of snow
  From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
  A change of mood
And saved some part
  Of a day I had rued.

ROBERT FROST

BELL OF DAWN

FAINT music of a bell which dawn brings to my ear, made my heart young again here at the break of day.

Faint bell-like music which through dewy dawn I hear ringing so far, so near, changed all I hope and fear.

What, shall I after this, survive my dear-bought bliss, music by which my soul's far youth recovered is?

Chiming so far away, so lonely and withdrawn, O little singing air in the fresh heart of dawn,

You flee, return and ring: seeking like love to stray, you tremble in my heart here at the break of day.

Ah, can life ever be of such serenity, so peaceful, mild and fair as is this little air?

So simple yet so sweet as, over meadows borne, this little tune that thrills all the fresh heart of morn?

PAUL FORT

(Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn)

THE BIRD AT DAWN

WHAT I saw was just one eye
In the dawn as I was going:
A bird can carry all the sky
In that little button glowing.

Never in my life I went
So deep into the firmament.

He was standing on a tree,
All in blossom overflowing;
And he purposely looked hard at me,
At first, as if to question merrily:
"Where are you going?"
But next some far more serious thing to say;
I could not answer, could not look away.

Oh, that hard, round, and so distracting eye:
Little mirror of all sky! —
And then the after-song another tree
Held, and sent radiating back on me.

If no man had invented human word,
And a bird-song had been
The only way to utter what we mean,
What would we men have heard,
What understood, what seen,
Between the trills and pauses, in between
The singing and the silence of a bird?

HAROLD MONRO

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

SOFTLY I come into the dance of the spheres,
Into the choir of lights,
New from my nest in God's heart.
O Night, the chosen of nights,
Longing and dream of the years,
Blessèd thou art.

Golden the fruit hangs on the hyaline tree;
Golden the glistening tide
Sweeps through the heavens; the cars
Of the great mooned planets glide
Golden; and yet to me
Bow down the stars;

Casting their crowns, bright with æonian reigns,
Under the flight of my feet
Eager for Bethlehem,
Thither with music-beat

Blent of innumerous strains
Marshaling them.

Sweetly their chant soars through unsearchable space,
Quivering vespers that thrill
Into the deep nocturne-
Symphony I fulfill;
I, who, like Mary's face,
Wonder and yearn,

Cherish, adore, keeping the watch above
The Word made flesh to-night;
Wonderful Word, impearled
In childhood holy-white;
Word that is Godhood, Love,
Light of the World.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL OF THE BEES

(FOUNDED ON AN OLD ENGLISH SUPERSTITION)

'T IS Christmas Eve in an Old World garden,
An English garden of long ago,
And down in the dusk of the privet hedges
The beehives stand in a goodly row.
Still is each trim little conical dwelling,
Still are the delicate wings below;
Hardly the wind dares venture a whisper
Over the beds where the flowers grow.

Still, still, garden and field and hill,
Waiting the radiant Christmas morn,
Waiting the heav'nly morn.

Midnight strikes from the ivied tower, —
Hark, what a clamor the tolling brings!
Bells in the distance joyfully answer;
Earth, rejoicing an anthem sings.
Down where the honey-bees cling and cluster,
Buzzing, humming, a carol rings —
"Christ is born!" so the golden chorus;
"Praise Him! ye that have voice and wings!"

Sing, sing, ye that have voice and wing.
Sing, for the Sun of the World is born,
Sing for the Christ is born!

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

THE BIRTH

THERE is a legend that the love of God
So quickened under Mary's heart it wrought
Her very maidenhood to holier stuff . . .
However that may be, the birth befell
Upon a night when all the Syrian stars
Swayed tremulous before one lordlier orb
That rose in gradual splendor,
Paused,

Flooding the firmament with mystic light,
And dropped upon the breathing hills
A sudden music
Like a distillation from its gleams;
A rain of spirit and a dew of song!

DON MARQUIS

CRADLE-SONG

MADONNA, MADONNINA,
Sat by the grey road-side,
Saint Joseph her beside,
And Our Lord at her breast;
Oh they were fain to rest,
Mary and Joseph and Jesus,
All by the grey road-side.

She said, Madonna Mary,
"I am hungry, Joseph, and weary,
All in the desert wide."
Then bent a tall palm-tree
Its branches low to her knee;
"Behold," the palm-tree said,
"My fruit that shall be your bread."
So were they satisfied,
Mary and Joseph and Jesus,
All by the grey road-side.

From Herod they were fled
Over the desert wide,
Mary and Joseph and Jesus,
In Egypt to abide:
Mary and Joseph and Jesus,
In Egypt to abide.

The blessèd Queen of Heaven
Her own dear Son hath given
For my son's sake; his sleep
Is safe and sweet and deep.

Lully . . . Lulley . . .
So may you sleep alway,
My baby, my dear son:
Amen, Amen, Amen.

My baby, my dear son.

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

HIS MOTHER IN HER HOOD OF BLUE

WHEN Jesus was a little thing,
His mother, in her hood of blue,
Called to Him through the dusk of spring:
"Jesus, my Jesus, where are you?"

Caught in a gust of whirling bloom,
She stood a moment at the door,
Then lit the candle in the room,
In its pink earthen bowl of yore.

The little Jesus saw it all; —
The blur of yellow in the street;
The fair trees by the tumbling wall;
The shadowy other lads, whose feet

Struck a quick noise from out the grass;
He saw, dim in the half-lit air,
As one sees folk within a glass,
His mother with her candle there.

Jesus! Jesus!

When He a weary man became,
I think, as He went to and fro,
He heard her calling just the same
Across that dusk so long ago.

Jesus!

For men were tired that had been bold; —
And strange indeed this should befall —
One day so hot, one day so cold —
But mothers never change at all.

Jesus!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

GREEN CROSSES

At the back of the pompous houses,
Above the beautiful river-way,
A row of squalid barrels
Blush at themselves in the morning light.
From one grotesquely leaning,
Dusty and scarred
Amid the dead, forgotten slag and ashes,
A fir-tree thrusts its live, protesting fingers —
Crosses of green.
About it still cling a few silver cobwebs,
Rags of its brief splendor.
It was the Christmas Tree
That graced the cheerful drawing-room
A little while;
That blessed the comfortable house with its fragrance,
And with its symbols of love,
The small green crosses.

A pinched, pale child with hungry eyes,
Ragged and wolfish, but with wisps of glory
Still haloing her hair,
Comes with her bag of rubbish,
Her eyes brighten;
She sets down her heavy burden,
She forgets the cold as she picks at the little tree,
Plucks eagerly at the fragile cobwebs;

They are so silvery few!
But they do not go into the heavy sack.
Her thin, blue fingers snap one of the green crosses;
She twists the tinsel thread about it,
And sticks it in her breast.
Then she shoulders her bundle of trash,
And stumbles away, smiling.
The green crosses, alive in the dust!
The Christmas Tree!
The evergreen tree whose roots are cut —
On the dump it will die!

The Christmas Tree!
What if this ornament of brief holidays,
This plaything of a favored few,
This strong, slow-murdered creature of pure woods,
With its green crosses,
Were really growing!
If it were rooted in the hearts
Of Christendom!
How different a world would see this sunny morning!
No war; no hate;
No want nor selfishness;
No ragged children, starved for tinsel joys,
Furtively clutching at rejected beauty
On a forgotten cross,
The green cross of Love.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

"EVEN THE LEAST OF THESE"

Heedless of other toys from Christmas trees,
To the earth's round globe my young son turned his face,
When he discovered that he could with ease
The gaily tinted countries find and trace,
With joy his arms encircled lands and seas,
Both hemispheres were clasped in his embrace.

The world was sheltered upon Youth's warm breast,
In Youth's pure love the nations lay at rest.

Ada M. Roberts

WINTER'S TURNING

Snow is still on the ground,
But there is a golden brightness in the air.
Across the river,
Blue,
Blue,
Sweeping widely under the arches
Of many bridges,
Is a spire and a dome,
Clear as though ringed with ice-flakes,
Golden, and pink, and jocund.
On a near-by steeple,

A golden weather-cock flashes smartly,
His open beak "Cock-a-doodle-dooing"
Straight at the ear of Heaven.
A tall apartment house,
Crocus-coloured,
Thrusts up from the street
Like a new-sprung flower.
Another street is edged and patterned
With the bloom of bricks,
Houses and houses of rose-red bricks,
Every window a-glitter.
The city is a parterre,
Blowing and glowing,
Alight with the wind,
Washed over with gold and mercury.
Let us throw up our hats,
For we are past the age of balls
And have none handy.
Let us take hold of hands,
And race along the sidewalks,
And dodge the traffic in crowded streets.
Let us whir with the golden spoke-wheels
Of the sun.
For to-morrow Winter drops into the waste-basket,
And the calendar calls it March.

AMY LOWELL

PROMISE

A thousand infant faces, soft and sweet,
Each year sends forth.

SARA COLERIDGE

THE winds of March blow down the frozen ways;
Snow melts; runnels meander through a maze
Of broken channels.

The sun is warm; the branches of the trees,
Though leafless, yet are quickened by degrees
With hidden life.

Behind the bark new buds await the hour
When, venturing forth, slowly they grow to flower
In strength and grace.

Spring is the herald of the summer-time,
As freighted argosies in former time
Foreshadowed wealth,

Bearing their burden from a southern land,
Spices from India, silks from Samarcand
To homeland port.

Perchance unseen our treasure-galleon lies
Beyond our sight, bearing a richer prize,
Immortal freight,

Our spring's desired flower, small and furled,
Brought from the garden of another world
Whose God is Love.

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

THE WAKEFUL DARK

THERE is a crowd upon the air to-night;
The leaves are out,
Clustered and gathered to the farthest tip
Of the dim branches' edge.
All in a day, the wet wind called
And they rushed forth,
Bearing the fragrance of the trees' deep heart
In their unfolding wings.
The dark is thickly plumed and tufted where
They wait, a misty, swinging crowd
Too glad for sleep.

Beside my window, restless too, I stand
Athirst like leaf and garden
For the day.
And when the moist wind, groping for more sweet,
Lilac or violet, or the new, slim buds,
Touches my face,

I feel the petals of my heart
Tremble and open wide,
As if it too
Had bloomed upon the night.

HORTENSE FLEXNER

AS WE GO ON

As we go on, grow older, grow more wise,
Grow friendlier with every friendly thing,
The honourable trees, grave dusk, the swing
Of upland meadows upward to the skies,
And even the old new fraudulent surprise
Of that quaint smiling paradox the spring,
How greatly beauty once again can bring
In smaller ways tears to our tenderer eyes.

We do not wait on mountains or on seas,
For there's a little lake between the hills,
That rustles with the sedges and the bees;
And great adventure found in daffodils
Stirs April gardens, when the world again
Is quick with mice and moles, crickets and men.

MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

OUT OF THE DESERT

Out of this little and this nothingness
I will build slowly what cannot be effaced,
There shall come sound of iron hammers ringing
And groining arches like fingers interlaced;
Each youth a king who walks the common kingdom,
Clad in the seamless robe, with lifted head;
Each girl a queen, love's roses in her bosom,
Walking beside him with an equal tread.
I will set song upon the lips of singers
Who slumber still uncalled from out the dust,
I will light fires upon unnumbered altars,
Love shall be honest, justice shall be just.
I have not cried alone within the desert,
Ye go not out to find a broken reed;
I have clasped Him who walks the pillared darkness,
I have not wrestled with Him feeble-kneed.
About my loins I gird a sword that flashes
With lightnings hidden in the marching cloud;
I break above your heads the awful tablets,
And fling the fragments to the wheeling crowd.
Out of such sowing shall come mighty reaping,
Hearts are the fields, and songs the seed I sow:
Ye shall not know until the time of reaping
What hand upheld me, but I know, I know!

Willard Wattles

LIFE

They do not live who only know
The dull procession of Life's flow,
They have no faith who never
Risk all, and in one hour of youth
Reach the subliminal self where Truth
Floods light and crowns endeavour.

They do not die who find in death
The great adventure, the first breath
Whence came this life from God:
Who, taking wings, laugh down at earth,
Leap skywards, and with boyish mirth
Run where the angels trod.

Cecil Roberts

EVERY ONE SANG

Every one suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark-green fields;
on — on — and out of sight.

Every one's voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun:

My heart was shaken with tears; and horror
Drifted away . . . O, but Every one
Was a bird; and the song was wordless;
the singing will never be done.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

THE SINGERS IN A CLOUD

OVERHEAD at sunset all heard the choir.
Nothing could be seen except jewelled grey
Raining beauty earthward, flooding with desire
All things that listened there in the broken day;
Songs from freer breathers, their unprisoned fire
Out of cloudy fountains, flying and hurled,
Fell and warmed the world.

Sudden came a wind and birds were laid bare,
Only music warmed them round their brown breasts.
They had sent the splendours pouring through the air,
Love was their heat and home far above their nests.
Light went softly out and left their voices there.
Starward passed for ever all that great cry,
Burning, round the sky.

On the earth the battles war against light,
Heavy lies the harrow, bitter the field.
Beauty, like a river running through the night,
Streams past the stricken one whom it would have healed

But the darkened faces turn away from sight.
Blind, bewildered nations sow, reap, and fall,
Shadows gather all.

Far above the birdsong bright shines the gold.
Through the starry orchards earth's paths are hung;
As she moves among them glowing fruits unfold,
Such that the heavens there reawaken young.
Overhead is beauty, healing for the old.
Overhead is morning, nothing but youth,
Only lovely youth.

RIDGELY TORRENCE

HEROES

FAIR is their fame who stand in earth's high places,
Rulers of men, strong-armed to break and bind.
Fairer the light which shines from comrade faces:
Those we have loved, and lost, and kept in mind.

These be our heroes, hearts unnamed in story,
Foot-firm that stood, and swerved not from the right;
Though in the world's eyes they attained no glory,
Girt to their goal they gained the wished-for height.

Now for reward no after-age shall sunder
These from their right to rest without a name.
Wide are the wings of heaven which fold them under,
Who to the Winds of God resign their fame.

Blow, ye great Winds! Where'er man's spirit labours
Breathe on his lips breath from the life they spent!
Comrades to all their kind, dear friends and neighbors,
There, where the work goes well, they rest content.

They are the race, — they are the race immortal,
Whose beams make broad the common light of day!
Though Time may dim, though Death hath barred their portal,
These we salute, which nameless passed away.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

THE DIVINE STRATEGY

No soul can be forever banned,
Eternally bereft,
Whoever falls from God's right hand
Is caught into his left.

EDWIN MARKHAM

AMERICA

SHE is young and beautiful — my country —
Mother of many children.
She is free.
Years ago,
A slim girl running on sea sand,
She heard Niagara shouting the message of mountains,

And the great lakes singing softly
Of prairies that swing in the wind.
How could she stay, keeping soft and white her rich and
powerful hands?
She rose and walked like the sun into the west:
Sowing, reaping, felling the forests,
Digging out coal and iron and gold from the hills.
Onward, outward —
Past rivers like a sea,
And mountains that snowily, secretly, kiss the moon —
Out to shining Arizona athirst in the sun
And Oregon shaggy with firs by her northern ocean,
Whom the silver Sierras link together forever.

And she gathered the children of many races into her arms,
And said, "Hate dies here — be brothers."
She lifted the humble to the high place,
And the proud she rebuked with a laugh.

At ease in her strength she lay dreaming
When the heat of the day was done.
But suddenly — far away —
Out of the thick black night, out of the past,
Came the terrible booming of guns,
The tramp of armies, marching over fallen towers,
Over cottages collapsing into dust.
And through the iron clamor she heard agony calling —

The bitter cries of children starved and driven,
Of young girls ravished,
Of boys ripped open on the trench-strung field;
And the dull groans of the old
Prodded from the flaming door.

Once more the incredible thing —
The tyrant gorged and ruthless
Spitting red war in the face of the world!
Once more Freedom at bay — threatened, defiant —
Calling her chosen,
Lifting her rainbow-colored flags to the sun!

My country,
Beautiful and strong,
Startled, slowly arising,
Hearing at last the insult,
Feeling the crimson mist in her eyes,
My country stood up tall to the height of the world —
Straight and tall,
From the blue Caribbean at her feet
To her coronal of islands
Strung from the Arctic sea.
And she summoned her states,
And breathed in their ears the iron vow of war —
War to the end, to the death, war to the life,
War of the free, for the free, till the world is freed.

She gathered her armies,
Her millions of sons,
And loosed them like flakes of snow to the storm,
Bidding them cover and smother and put out forever
The abysmal abominable fires.
In massive drifts she hurled them,
Over land and sea and through blue trails of air —
Crystal souls of youth,
That seized the sun in a flash
And flung it to whatever eye would see,
Spending, giving their light, lest it be put out in the wind.
She bade them move innumerably, mass on mass,
To smother and quench forever the infernal fires,
And nourish the new spring —
The flower-fringed hope of the world.

O my country,
Seeker of freedom,
How shall she pause in the ways of peace or war
On her long march toward the far-off invisible goal —
The city of white towers,
The city of love,
Where the nations of the earth shall meet in joy together,
And the souls of men shall be free!

HARRIET MONROE

IN SALUTATION TO THE ETERNAL PEACE

Men say the world is full of fear and hate,
And all life's ripening harvest-fields await
The restless sickle of relentless fate.

But I, sweet Soul, rejoice that I was born,
When from the climbing terraces of corn
I watch the golden orioles of Thy morn.

What care I for the world's desire and pride,
Who know the silver wings that gleam and glide,
The homing pigeons of Thine eventide?

What care I for the world's loud weariness,
Who dream in twilight granaries Thou dost bless
With delicate sheaves of mellow silences?

Sarojini Naidu

JOY TO YOU

Joy to you and gladness,
And that your soul may be
As far away from sadness
As the star was from the sea,
When the Sheep-Boy, the Sheep-Boy,
Heard Heaven's melody.

Smiles to you and laughter,
And also that you may
Be merry the morning after
On good St. Stephen's Day,
When the Wren-Boy, the Wren-Boy,
Shall sing his roundelay.

Joy to you and gladness,
And that the mid-night bell
May ring away the sadness
From the stricken old year's knell,
When the Chimes-Boy, the Chimes-Boy,
Strikes "Welcome" and "Farewell."

FRANCIS CARLIN

COURAGE, ALL!

OLD gods, avaunt! The rosy East is waking,
And in the dawn your shapes of clay are shaking:
Ye broke men's hearts, and now your own are breaking.

Over all lands a wingèd hope is flying:
It goes without reproof, without replying:
It bears God's courage to the dulled and dying.

The rusted chain that bound the world is broken;
A new strange star pricks down the night for token;
And the Great Word is waiting to be spoken!

EDWIN MARKHAM

SONG OF THE NEW WORLD

I SING the song of a new Dawn waking,
A new wind shaking
The children of men.
I say the hearts that are nigh to breaking
Shall leap with gladness and live again.
Over the woe of the world appalling,
Wild and sweet as a bugle cry,
Sudden I hear a new voice calling —
"Beauty is nigh!"
Beauty is nigh! Let the world believe it.
Love has covered the fields of dead.
Healing is here! Let the earth receive it,
Greeting the Dawn with lifted head.
I sing the song of the sin forgiven,
The deed forgotten, the wrong undone.
Lo, in the East, where the dark is riven,
Shines the rim of the rising sun.
Healing is here! O brother, sing it!
Laugh, O heart, that has grieved so long.
Love will gather your woe and fling it
Over the world in waves of song.
Hearken, mothers, and hear them coming —
Heralds crying the day at hand.
Faint and far as the sound of drumming,
Hear their summons across the land.

Look, O fathers! Your eyes were holden —
Armies throng where the dead have lain.
Fiery steeds and chariots golden —
Gone is the dream of soldiers slain.
Sing, O sing of a new world waking,
Sing of creation just begun.
Glad is the earth when morn is breaking —
Man is facing the rising sun!

ANGELA MORGAN

THE COMING OF DAWN

MIDNIGHT — the black, dead vast of night,
Rain dripping slow on the sod,
Fear of the future, darkness-born,
Doubt of myself and God.

A sudden flush on the face of night,
A veil from my soul withdrawn,
A bird-note thrilling the silence through.
And after that — the dawn.

GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN

A NEW STAR

MY soul has brought forth a new star
of great lustre, peopled with a new
race of men.

It swings in a new sky, upheld between
the visible poles of Truth and
Mercy.
The clouds pour rains of heavenly Pity,
the mornings beam with rays of
Charity,
The waters taste ambrosia-sweet and
murmur the song of Forgiveness,
The girdling forests are full of trees and
creepers bearing fruits called Right,
Faith, Knowledge, Peace and Wisdom.
The air is fragrant with the scent of
honey-flowers — it is so sweet a
thing to breathe!
There 't is a wondrous joy to see the
hearts and thoughts of men,
And women are fair of soul as they are
fair of face.
There birds and beasts and fish and
worms are good and beautiful,
And live and work in mutual trust and
sweet humility.
And the bright gods sit in the blue
halls of light and rule the true-
souled denizens of my star at the
command of Love-born Harmony.

ŚRÎ ĀNANDA ĀCHĀRYA

SEMI-CHORUSES AND CHORUS FROM "THE DYNASTS"

"To Thee whose eye all Nature owns,
Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones,
And liftest those of low estate
We sing, with Her men consecrate!"

"Yea, Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail,
Who shak'st the strong, Who shield'st the frail,
Who hadst not shaped such souls as we
If tender mercy lacked in Thee!"

"Though times be when the mortal moan
Seems unascending to Thy throne,
Though seers do not as yet explain
Why Suffering sobs to Thee in vain;"

"We hold that Thy unscanted scope
Affords a food for final Hope,
That mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh
Life's loom, to lull it by-and-by."

"Therefore we quire to highest height
The Wellwiller, the kindly Might
That balances the Vast for weal,
That purges as by wounds to heal."

Chorus

But — a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things fair!

THOMAS HARDY

INDEX OF AUTHORS

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Āchārya, Śrī Ānanda, 90, 221.
Aiken, Conrad, 110.
Aldington, Richard, 44.
Auslander, Joseph, 21.

Baker, Karle Wilson, 14, 42, 85.
Bates, Katharine Lee, 197.
Beer, Morris Abel, 102.
Benét, William Rose, 38, 48.
Binyon, Laurence, 170, 177.
Bradford, Gamaliel, 173.
Branch, Anna Hempstead, 185.
Brown, Abbie Farwell, 145, 203.
Burnet, Dana, 172.
Burr, Amelia Josephine, 57, 63.
Burt, Maxwell Struthers, 183, 209.
Bynner, Witter, 125, 136.

Campbell, Joseph, 111.
Cammaerts, Émile, 136.
Carlin, Francis, 99, 218.
Carman, Bliss, 16.
Clark, B. Preston, Jr., 18.
Cleghorn, Sarah N., 147.
Coates, Florence Earle, 114, 175.
Conkling, Grace Hazard, 6, 79.
Conkling, Hilda, 62.
Crapsey, Adelaide, 200.
Cromwell, Gladys, 103.

Daly, Thomas Augustine, 19, 161.
Davies, Mary Carolyn, 78.
Davies, William H., 32, 37.
Davis, Fannie Stearns, 53, 95.
De la Mare, Walter, 31, 163, 192.
Dennen, Grace Atherton, 221.
Drinkwater, John, 76, 104.
Driscoll, Louise, 22, 60.

Evans, Florence Wilkinson, 174.

Farrar, John Chipman, 146, 184.
Finley, John, 106, 135.
Fletcher, John Gould, 79.
Flexner, Hortense, 191, 208.
Fort, Paul, 195.
Foster, Jeanne Robert, 89, 181.
Frost, Robert, 43, 194, 195.
Furse, Margaret Cecilia, 70.
Fyleman, Rose, 145.

Garrison, Theodosia, 68.
Graves, Robert, 105.
Griffith, William, 36.
Guérin, Charles, 112.
Guiterman, Arthur, 99, 187.

Hagedorn, Hermann, 98.
Hall, Amanda Benjamin, 154.
Hardy, Thomas, 223.
Hare, Amory, 41, 93.
Heath, Ella Crosby, 10.
Henderson, Daniel, 165.

Hillyer, Robert, 94.
Housman, Laurence, 213.

Johnson, Vlyn, 83.
Jones, Thomas S., Jr., 14, 47, 108.

Kemp, Harry, 71, 93.
Ketchum, Arthur, 77, 141.
Kilmer, Aline, 131.
Kilmer, Joyce, 86.
Kipling, Rudyard, 4.
Knibbs, Henry Herbert, 157.

Leamy, Edmund, 164.
Ledwidge, Francis, 20.
Lee, Harry, 167.
Le Gallienne, Richard, 9, 64.
Letts, W. M., 54.
Lewisohn, Ludwig, 195.
Lindsay, Vachel, 118, 128.
Low, Benjamin R. C., 46, 58.
Lowell, Amy, 47, 166, 205.

McCarthy, Denis A., 54.
MacCathmhaoil, Seosamh, 111.
McLane, James L., Jr., 111, 119.
Markham, Edwin, 125, 214, 219.
Marquis, Don, 199.
Masefield, John, 91, 178.
Masters, Edgar Lee, 159.
Merrill, Stuart, 24.
Middleton, Scudder, 97, 113.
Millay, Edna St. Vincent, 63, 158.
Monro, Harold, 72, 196.
Monroe, Harriet, 214.
Moody, William Vaughn, 2.
Morgan, Angela, 25, 220.
Morley, Christopher, 131.
Morton, David, 8, 33, 75.

Naidu, Sarojini, 218.
Nichols, Robert, 17.
Noguchi, Yone, 116.
Norton, Hon. Eleanour, 152.
Noyes, Alfred, 11, 149.

O'Brien, Edward J., 103.
O'Conor, Norreys Jephson, 207.
Oliver, Ian, 45.
O'Neil, George, 59.
Oppenheim, James, 117.
Oxenham, John, 132.

Paine, Albert Bigelow, 114.
Palamas, Kostes, 89.
Patterson, Antoinette De Coursey, 144.
Peabody, Josephine Preston, 139.
Percy, William Alexander, 151.
Phillpotts, Eden, 189.
Phipps, Sarah Metcalf, 35.
Phoutrides, Aristides E., 89.

Reese, Lizette Woodworth, 192, 201.
Rice, Cale Young, 110, 176.
Rittenhouse, Jessie B., 95.
Roberts, Ada M., 205.
Roberts, Cecil, 211.
Robinson, Corinne Roosevelt, 81.
Robinson, Edwin Arlington, 50.
Rostrevor, George, 70.

Sandburg, Carl, 23.
Sarett, Lew, 155, 184.
Sassoon, Siegfried, 211.
Schauffler, Robert Haven, 73, 142.
Scollard, Clinton, 15, 27.

Smith, C. Fox, 171.
Smith, Marian Couthouy, 84.
Smith, May Riley, 65, 165.
Smith, Nora Archibald, 198.
Sorley, Charles Hamilton, 107.
Speyer, Leonora, 29, 72.
Spring-Rice, Sir Cecil Arthur, 134.
Squire, J. C., 120.
Sterling, George, 5, 147.
Stork, Charles Wharton, 117, 150.

Teasdale, Sara, 3, 94, 109, 180.
Thomas, Edith M., 153.
Thomas, Edward, 23.
Thompson, Ralph M., 167.
Thorley, Wilfred, 24, 112.
Tietjens, Eunice, 41, 96.
Torrence, Ridgely, 212.
Towne, Charles Hanson, 7, 67.
Tree, Iris, 138.
Tudor, Marie, 34.
Turner, Nancy Byrd, 45.
Turner, W. J., 13.

Untermeyer, Louis, 126, 166.

Wagstaff, Blanche Shoemaker, 27.
Warren, Gretchen O., 190.
Wattles, Willard, 210.
Welles, Winifred, 13, 141.
Wharton, Edith, 140.
Wheelock, John Hall, 86, 124.
Whiting, Frederic A., 148.
Widdemer, Margaret, 52.
Wilkinson, Marguerite, 28, 69.
Wood, Clement, 100, 189.
Woodberry, George Edward, 40, 178.

Yeats, William Butler, 156.